JOHN BULL, week ending August 21, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1940

3D EVERY THURSDAY

COMB OUT IN EARNEST by the EDITOR

AN ACE'S FINEST HOUR

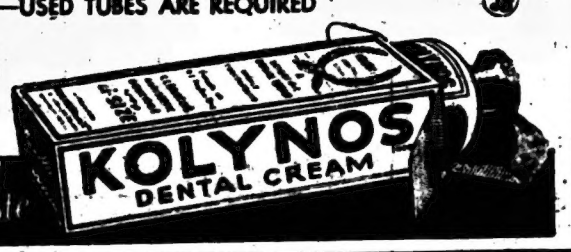
THE WEAPON WE NEED NOW By A.G.G.

by KOLYNOS! of course

Canterbury lamb may be tender, but the men who hail from the ranches of the Dominion are tough—mighty tough! Small wonder that they have formed the spearhead of our attack in many theatres of war; for New Zealand is the home of men of courage and determination, splendid physique, fine features, and—good teeth, thanks to KOLYNOS, of course!

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



The economical tooth paste

Brains plus health will help his career..

Whatever trade or profession he chooses, mother knows that her boy must keep good health to win full success. So she gives him real health protection now, as he's growing up—she does the regular house cleaning with Lifebuoy, to wash away harmful infection as well as the dirt.

so guard his health now with

LIFEBUOY

home cleaning

2d per 4-oz. tablet—1 coupon

L 364-690

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

Biscuits in the Battle

WE all know that in these days the grocer can't supply all the biscuits we would like. But he's doing his best. So is the manufacturer. He is collaborating with the Government in saving raw materials, labour, transport and shipping, all of which means that fewer biscuits are being produced. At the same time, the needs of the services must be met and this increasing demand explains the present shortage of supplies available for the civilian front.

Biscuits, which include rusks and crisp-breads, are distributed as fairly as possible throughout the country, but there are not now sufficient for the distributor to maintain a constant stock. So when supplies are difficult, will you remember that biscuits are in the battle.

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVB—67

Though there's "austerity" in the design of to-day's Lybro Utility Overalls, there's plenty of good workmanship too. That's why Lybro is so sought after—and sometimes we're sorry to say, hard to obtain.

LYBRO UTILITY OVERALLS

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

FOOD FACTS

Please *don't* change your retailers unless you must

Every change means extra staff work

If you must change retailers, apply to your Food Office between now and August 28th with your old and new books. You will not have to explain why you wish to change, but it will be a real service to the country if you stay with your present retailers, as every change necessitates extra work.

Before you go to the Food Office, do these four things :—

1 Make sure that the retailers to whom you want to transfer are prepared to take you. Many retailers will be unable to accept new customers because of staff shortage.

2 See that the names and addresses of your present retailers appear in both the old and the new books. (The names and addresses of your present retailers should be filled in on page 36 of the new book). Take both your old and your new ration books with you when you go to the Food Office.

3 See that the front cover of your new book is fully filled in, writing in your address if this has not already been done. Also, fill in Section A on page 35.

4 If possible, go yourself to the Food Office with your books, but if you send them, state clearly the *foods* for which you want to change.

You cannot change your milk retailer.

Old registrations will be cancelled as soon as the new counterfoils are issued. Take the counterfoils to the new retailers immediately.

HOW TO GET BEST RESULTS WITH DRIED EGGS

One level teaspoon dried egg mixed with two tablespoons water equals one egg.

Follow carefully the instructions on the packet for mixing. Then use exactly like ordinary eggs for making all cooked dishes which normally require eggs. (*Remember, don't mix dried eggs until you are ready to cook them*).

P.S.—Dried eggs are simply whole new-laid eggs with nothing taken away except the water and the shell.

PLUM JAM RECIPE

3 lbs. PLUMS *3 lbs. SUGAR* *¼ pint WATER*

METHOD : Wash the fruit and cut in halves, removing the stones. Crack stones and remove the kernels. Put the water, kernels, and plums together into a pan and bring to the boil slowly; allow to simmer till the fruit is cooked. Add the sugar, stir well and re-boil for 10-15 minutes. Test for jellying. Pot and cover.

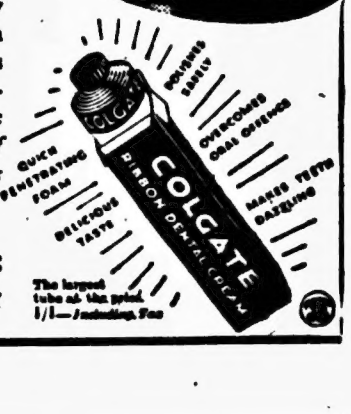
LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 142

Are they Rationing love too?

No coupons for kisses—but they're always "in short supply" for anyone guilty of Oral Offence. Play safe! Change to Colgate Dental Cream . . . the toothpaste that ensures a fragrant mouth and sparkling teeth.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offences—instantly!*



Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

The largest tube ask the price. 1/1—Subsidiary Tax

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in a position to give that to you Free.

Our fees are still pre-war.

We teach nearly all Trades and Professions by post in all parts of the world. Distance makes no difference.

The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the world.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus.

If you are undecided, write for my Fatherly advice, it is Free.

Direct mail to :—

Dept. 31,

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

JOHN

Thursday, for week ending Se
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Tele

" Come the three corners of
And we shall shock them ;
If England to itself do rest

Straight from the Shoulder

BIG MO

THE leaves of autumn are already yellowing and falling—and September is a classic month for military campaigning.

We can presume that the next few weeks will bring news of a great new offensive.

Perhaps of more than one offensive !

Shipping Chief

Some pretty broad hints have already been given of the nature of the conference in Canada.

But as plain as any is the presence at that party of Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport.

As such, Lord Leathers is Britain's shipping manager. And nowadays shipping means more than the import of war supplies. It means the export of troops and tanks.

Bigger than Ever

Leathers was at the last meeting of President and Prime Minister. North Africa and Sicily were the results.

Now there are bigger shipping movements to calculate and organise, battles to plan that may well decide the war's end.

British Base

The enemy must be well aware of all this.

He has eyes to read—and he can read in our Press of the ban on visitors to certain " defence zones " in Britain.

He has eyes in his reconnaissance 'planes—eyes to watch the invasion barges around our shores, the traffic on our railways and roads.

And if he has any common-sense left he must presume that big armies of Canadians and Americans are not being shipped to Britain just to comment on our climate.

We Don't Doubt It

Indeed, neutrals report that the Germans are taking measures to meet an expected Allied invasion of the French Atlantic coast. The German fears are said to be based on observation of troop movements in Britain.

Second, Third, Fourth

But, of course, there is the possibility that by the time our invasion of Western

RAID RISK IN MORRISON

" John Bull " offers free to every Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N. RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LL Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered " John Bull's " Insurance Department,

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 21, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

FIRE! FIRE!!

● We knew Mr. Herbert Morrison would get into trouble over his offer of consideration for the local authorities who want to have their nice little fire brigades back after the war.

Now he shows a tendency to change his mind the Association of Municipal Corporations rants about promises.

But we want no return to days when fire brigades pulled up at their local boundaries to watch fires burn themselves out on the other side.

Nor of cities, asked by a neighbouring town to help with a conflagration threatening hundreds of homes—perhaps in the dead of night—refusing until a price has been agreed by telephone.

National safety comes first. Honouring Mr. Morrison's indiscretion should be well down the list. And local vanity just doesn't matter.

Straight from the Shoulder

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But, of course, there is the possibility that by the time our invasion of Western Europe takes place it may not be the Second Front. It might be the Third or Fourth Front!

For Italy is obviously open to immediate attack. And the Balkans are not less so.

In the Van

Patriot armies in Greece and Yugoslavia have become vanguards of the Allies' huge armies based in the Middle East.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that they are in constant communication with our war chiefs. The enemy suspects that they are supplied by British aircraft. Perhaps he also fears that they have the advantage of "on the spot" advice by British military experts.

Stalin's Absence

There is evidently no lack of expert planning by the men surrounding Marshal Stalin. His orders have been most brilliantly co-ordinated.

So to-day there is not one great Russian offensive, but three offensives. No one should be surprised, therefore, that Stalin cannot spare the time to join Roosevelt and Churchill.

He is too busy winning battles to fly across continents. But not too busy, fortunately, to be consulted and informed by the British and American war leaders.

United Strategy

And now, more than ever before, is there need for the leaders of the United Nations to hammer out a really United Strategy, both for war and peace.

The Russians have so weakened the enemy that this is the time for the Americans and ourselves to launch a really terrific and *decisive* offensive. To coincide with further Russian blows!

Shorten the War!

Roosevelt and Churchill have undoubtedly been plotting ways to shorten the war. And one of the most effective methods would be closer collaboration between the Western Democracies and Russia and China.

That *must* be secured if the German people are to be made as eager for peace as the Italians, and if the Nazis are to be utterly routed!

German Gloom

Those Nazis are still playing a curious game. The Fatherland is suffused with gloom; not only are the people despondent, but official speakers vie with one another in talking of "stalemate" and "a new 1918."

Despair has become a deliberate policy. But it doesn't necessarily hint at early collapse. It is designed to whip the people into a desperate last "all-out" effort.

New Bombing Tactics

That effort must be nullified by bombing.

According to the German Press, the R.A.F. drops silver-black strips of "staniol" to upset the defences' radio-location. It also encloses its targets by a ring of green flame which prevents the fire brigades from entering the area.

The Nazi newspapers should soon have more new tactics to describe.

Bigger and Longer

For the R.A.F. goes on learning. The Back-Room Boys go on experimenting. And autumn will bring not only bigger aerial onslaughts on the Reich, but much more frequent attacks.

We will say no more than that. The enemy will not have to wait long for the details.

Killing the U-boats

The tide of success in the war at sea flows not less strongly in our favour. If the shipping losses for July were higher than for June, the explanation lies in the extensive operations in the Mediterranean.

There can hardly have been a day last month when the Allies did not account for at least one U-boat.

They All Help

More powerful and suitable aircraft for Coastal Command. Better escorting of convoys.

Those are probably the chief factors in our success. New weapons, too, are being tried out with every prospect of our victories not only being maintained but improved upon.

And the Italian navy gets a fright whenever it pokes its nose out of harbour!

Watch Them

The available French warships must be nearing the time when they will be ready for service. Those in German hands at Toulon are not likely to be a danger.

But the remnants of the Nazi capital ships (plus an aircraft carrier) are still a potential menace, though once the Mediterranean is cleared up their hours should be numbered.

Be Sensible

So we have excellent reason for confidence, but none for complacency. Perhaps our worst drawback is the mentality that is encouraged to go-slow "because victory isn't far off."

Let us get down to work—in the aircraft factories, in the mines, the workshops and the rolling mills—everywhere. We know from the U.S.A. how facile optimism can result in labour disputes and production slumps!

Overwhelm Them!

If we produce an overwhelming weight of metal, then the enemy may be beaten in the field more swiftly than cautious folk dare to hope.

To do so, we must have unity in the factories as well as on the battle-fronts.

Give-and-Take

The Government should encourage it by a better example of give-and-take than the stonewalling announcement issued from 10, Downing Street, last week.

The official attitude towards the Trades Disputes Act is not merely unimaginative. It is petty, quibbling and preposterously unfair.

Controversial!

Private shipowners can be assured that when victory is won they will be handed all the ships built at public expense during the war. That isn't "controversial."

But let the Post Office workers apply for affiliation to the T.U.C. and they are threatened with penalties. Their action, you see, becomes "controversial," and will presumably split the nation!

Yet we are fighting for freedom of speech and liberty of democratic action abroad.

Home Charter

If our leaders really want to inspire the ordinary people of Britain with the social faith that moves mountains, let them announce bold plans for the future rather than take their stand on vindictive legislation of the past.

Plans to implement the promises of the Atlantic Charter. Plans on the lines of the British Home Charter which will be discussed at the Trades Union Congress next month, and which has four main points:

A decent job for all. A decent home. A decent social security scheme. A decent education for all children.

It Can be Done

They are more than fine ideals. They are practical aims which can be realised as surely as we are winning this war.

And the great majority of the people, we fancy, are going to insist one day that they shall be carried out.

(Continued overleaf)

RAID RISK INCREASING, MORRISON WARNS—

Daily Herald, August 10, 1943

"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S) as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WE'RE all hoping for big things from Mr. T. F. Turner, K.C., who's now touring Britain to find out how the mines can get back their man-power.

As chief inspector of the Recruitment and Training Branch of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, he began his investigations last week in Northumberland. And he began properly, with honest-to-goodness talks with some of the local leaders who'd just finished their seven-and-a-half-hour shift down the pits.

A Miner Says . . .

It won't take the acumen of a King's Counsel to see half a dozen reasons right away why young men don't like the pits any more. But apart from pay, poor food and so on, the attitude of many managements needs the investigations of a trained observer.

Question for Major Lloyd George

From the very area in which Mr. Turner started his inquiry we've just had a miner's report on the position at his own pit. "It's perfectly true," he says, "that some mine managements have closed up the most lucrative and easily worked seams and are deliberately working poor and difficult ones. In the last day or two I've been working in a five-foot seam with a two-foot stone 'band' in the middle."

Taking Advantage

All this stone, of course, is mixed up with the coal after blasting, and that means terrific waste of time in sorting. Our correspondent goes on: "It appears to us miners that owners are definitely taking advantage of the war situation to get rid of coal which in normal times would be difficult to sell and unremunerative to work."

Not Surprising

What does Major Lloyd George, the Minister of Fuel and Power, think of this accusation? It's been made before, but never adequately answered. And what does Mr. Turner think?

Can they wonder that in the last 12 months men have been more and more reluctant to go into jobs where they believe they're exploited? Can they wonder that during this period the coal output per man per annum has dropped eight tons?

Woodworkers

Timber is just as much a munition of war as coal, and in many ways the forestry workers are being given as bad a time as the miners.

A colleague has just come back from three weeks' holiday spent working on a typical Forestry Commission scheme in Western Scotland.

He says the District Office in Glasgow told him to bring his ration book and he'd be given four meals a day. At the end of his ten hours' journey he found each worker had to buy his own food and cook nearly all of it himself after a hard day's work.

In the Mud

Permanent workers under the Commission are issued with no uniform though they get through clothes quicker than most people. They don't even get rubber boots or permits to buy any, despite the fact that they often have to work in a foot or so of water when ditching or rafting.

Some of the living quarters are mean beyond words. The log cabin our colleague was in had walls that were almost transparent. You got to it through a quagmire.

Last Aid

Felling and preparing trees for the saw-mills is not always safe work. Axes and cross-cut saws can be dangerous even in expert hands. But at one camp at least there wasn't a first-aid outfit within miles.

It isn't surprising that many forestry workers get transferred and drift back to the towns. It isn't surprising that they feel there ought to be a central organisation that can at least see the wood for the trees.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Last hope of Goebbels to confuse Allies is behind this week's use of neutral capitals for a new rumour campaign. Nazi agents have been instructed to launch contradictory rumours at the same time.**

● *One set is busy insisting that Germany and Germans have come to the end of their tether, while others boast about new secret weapons and impending campaigns which will confound the Allied hopes of quick victory.*

● In the meantime, Nazi economists have been asked to prepare a hurried survey which will enable the German High Command to decide from which conquered territories they can pull out. Lack of troops, they know, will make it impossible to hold all European outposts.

● **Plans for escape in case of a German collapse are concentrated on the Argentine. Goering, Goebbels and Himmler are said to have transferred fresh amounts of money and personal property to neutral nominees.**

● *Mussolini has angrily refused Hitler's invitation to go to Germany. Perhaps he detected an ironic tinge in the manner in which the offer was transmitted.*

● Our comparatively low losses in the latest raids on Germany are astonishing Bomber Command chiefs. Because they know Germany's defences are now as strong as they're ever likely to be.

● **Before last year's thousand-bomber raid on Cologne the city had 500 heavy and light guns, 150 searchlights. Now those figures are trebled.**

● *During the early attacks on the Ruhr our bombers, striking in from the coast, met a belt of searchlight and flak in groups every five miles. Beyond that fighters were scarce.*

● **Now, with every available Junkers 88 bomber used as a night fighter, the enemy has so many 'planes up that they have to attack through shellfire from their own ground defences.**

No Fishing

At a time when everyone is crying out for fish, and when herring are at their best, the Clyde fishing boats have been tied up. The other week only one buyer could be found at Tarbert, and he paid less than a third of the controlled price of 24s. 9d. a basket. So the fishermen stayed at home rather than dump their catches.

A Ministry of Food official looked into the matter, but he could offer no solution. The fishermen say the distributive side of the trade is to blame. Dumping this food the country needs seems a war time record.

Helping Themselves

What certainly is a record—for low trading—has just come to light. A music firm appealed for scrap gramophone records "to help the war effort."

People who responded were not very pleased later to see some of their records added to the firm's tax-free stock and offered at 5s. apiece.

The Tales—

There have been stories in one or two newspapers lately of Gibraltar as an island of luxury, glamour and idleness. Silly stories of fine food and wine, dance-halls and cocktail bars which have annoyed our Forces on "the Rock."

These men do not have an easy time. There isn't a dance-hall in the place, for the simple reason that there couldn't be enough partners.

—And the Facts

The men out there quite rightly object to their people at home being given a completely wrong impression.

If you've got someone in Gibraltar believe what he says in his letters, and not descriptions based on lurid imagination.

Facing the Music

From all we hear, the Italian prisoners in Britain are having a pretty good time these days. We don't say they're spoiled, but readers have been giving instances of treatment which make us wonder how our own captured friends are getting on abroad.

The other day the wireless set was temporarily out of order during alterations to one of the huts at a south-country camp. The Italian prisoners didn't like being without the radio. So they wouldn't go to work till the set was put right. They got their way.

Medical Threat

There's some war time scrambling for practices among doctors that ought to be watched. And patients are the best ones to see that injustice isn't done to the men who have gone into the Services.

The wife of a West Country doctor has so far managed to keep her husband's practice going with locums while her husband is away. But her last locum, after doing 18 months' work, demanded a partnership. He's threatening to set up in opposition unless he gets one.

Up In Smoke

A London borough has just been busily burning all the out-of-date identity cards handed over in the area. A fine example. If it were followed throughout the country fifty million cards would go up in smoke instead of in 'planes and bullets. The Salvage publicity experts could work out some pretty examples of what that waste would mean.

● **A list of the presents received by a Surrey coal merchant from his customers in the last month reads like an order from a grand hotel. He's had:**

Chickens, a duck, rabbits, baskets of pears, apples, cherries and greengages, 14 lb. of cod, more than a hundred head of lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and much more besides.

In peace time he didn't get a thing.

Why now? He knows; but being a straightforward tradesman he tells us that his coal, anthracite and boiler nuts will still be distributed on absolutely fair lines.

Private Example

Don't let's have the answer that it would be dangerous if these old identity cards went astray. Private firms—like banks—find it easy enough to safeguard confidential papers and yet put them to winning the war.

Kitchen Teachers

Another London complaint—about the wholesale employment of trained teachers in the administration of the L.C.C.'s meal services.

Why haven't professional caterers been called in? Why are teachers being kept reserved when they're not teaching? Why hasn't the President of the Board of Education done something about all this as he told Parliament he would some months ago?

Strategy

And not so much a complaint as a puzzled query comes from the Midlands.

A reader sees ashes brought in 8-ton waggons to a colliery tip, left there for a time, and then collected by American Army lorries and driven back most of the way to their camp to make paths. He wants to know whether this waste of transport has any high strategic advantage.

Lunch for Twenty

On a recent Saturday morning a colonel called at a Shropshire inn and asked if lunch could be provided the next day for twenty of his officers. The landlady decided to give up her family rations. She managed to get some veal on her catering licence, and at five minutes to one on Sunday everything was ready.

Sharp-tongued but reasonable

The 'phone rang. The colonel was sorry, but he and his men had found it impossible to get there. No more word of apology; certainly no offer of compensation. The landlady had no other guests in the house, so the best part of twenty good lunches had to be wasted.

Gone to Their Heads

We're perfectly certain the War Office won't stand this sort of thing. War Minister Sir James Grigg has proved himself most reasonable; he's quick to show his own authority when up-start officers let theirs go to their heads.

And Sir James will agree that it's not good for the Army if a "pip and-a-crown" tries his own martial law.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

COMB-OUT IN EARNEST

SPURRED by criticism inside and outside Parliament, the Cabinet has ordered a new inquiry into the work being done by women under thirty in the Civil Service and in the Forces.

There is no need for anything of the sort. The facts are widely known and the Morrison Committee has officially reported on them as far as the Civil Service is concerned.

This Committee bluntly recommended a "purge" of Whitehall and its legions of pen-pushers in the provinces.

Administrative staffs have swollen to monstrous size. The Civil Service was 300,000 strong before the war started; now it employs, or under-employs, more than 700,000 workers or would-be workers.

At a conservative estimate, 90,000 of these are superfluous.

Mr. Morrison requested the Ministry of Labour itself to get rid of 3,300 employees. It has not done so. We doubt whether it intends to do so.

In fact, there has been no "purge." Is the new inquiry, therefore, anything more than camouflage—an attempt to conceal the administration's refusal to take a dose of its own medicine?

In dealing with the general public, the Government calls sternly for maximum service. It is tightening up its demands not only upon the people's working hours but also upon their spare time.

So, no doubt, it should do. But Mr. Bevin went too far when he threatened to call up women of forty-five to fifty.

HE told us that the labour market had been so drained of man- and woman-power that he might be compelled to draw upon this last reserve.

JOHN BULL did not hesitate to expose this bluff.

We said, and we maintain, that all the labour Mr. Bevin needs at present can be obtained by a thorough comb-out of under-employed women in the lower age groups.

And that this comb-out ought to begin in the Civil Service and the Forces.

Our view has been so strongly supported in Parliament, in the newspapers and in the country that a summary of the objections to Mr. Bevin's proposal will here suffice.

Briefly, then, out of 750,000 women in the forty-five-fifty age groups, the Government does not hope to obtain more than 75,000 recruits.

And yet, as we have said, the Morrison Committee found 90,000 younger women forced to waste their time in Government Departments!

That should be a sufficient argument in itself. But let us add to it the fact that the vast majority of women nearing the fifties are doing splendid work already—the unrewarded, exacting and essential work of good wives and mothers; not to speak of valuable voluntary service of all kinds.

The men in uniform are fighting for these women. The civilians are working for them. And few of them are fit for strenuous work.

Above all, the people of this country are not going to have them badgered and bothered, worried, frightened and coerced, unless victory itself depends on it.

If it did, the middle-aged women would rally to our help with every ounce of their strength and magnificent loyalty. But it does not. At present they are doing far more useful work where they are than they could possibly do in factory or office.

So much for that. The country does not want this call-up, and it disapproves of all compulsion *for the sake of compulsion*.

JOHN BULL, in common with its readers, has accepted the necessity of compulsion for war time purposes. But where that compulsion applies, we want it applied with common-sense and strictly equal justice.

It is neither just nor sensible to keep young people twiddling their thumbs in safe jobs at the peak period of this total war.

Yet that is exactly what scores of thousands of them *are* doing to-day.

The proportion of deliberate slackers and dodgers is very small; most of the under-employed young people are keen as mustard to get into worth-while jobs.

But hitherto they have been unable to escape from the official net. They are forced to kill time in the "pools" attached to Whitehall's clerical departments and its multitudinous offices evacuated to seaside resorts.

They are driven to do knitting and solve cross-word puzzles and exchange chatter on the over-staffed premises of local authorities, in gas and electricity showrooms, and in a score of other "essential" occupations.

Judging from our own investigations and our readers' letters, a similar state of things prevails in many units of the various women's Services.

We know of typists taken out of useful, hard-working civilian posts and clapped into uniform, only to find that three or four routine letters a day form the sum total of their new duties.

Putting it bluntly, the women's Services "are stiff" with girls whose special training is wasted and who have not enough to do to earn their keep. No wonder the Government has put the brake on further recruitment!

People who are sceptical because they think the Press is "making a fuss" about very little, or because they can't imagine responsible authorities tolerating such irresponsible conditions, should read the papers *and* use their own eyes and ears.

Take Colwyn Bay, a lovely holiday resort in peace time. To-day it houses 5,000 employees of the Ministry of Food. About 1,500 of them are women under the age of thirty-one! Yet this official Garden of Eden is taking in thirty or forty fresh Eves every week!

The girls—that is to say the girls of eager spirit who represent 70 or 80 per cent. of the total—*hate* to waste their time.

But "very few of us"—they say—"do a full day's work, and some of the juniors are so inexperienced that three of them could scarcely manage to do the work of one really competent clerk."

This is only one instance among scores or hundreds. Mr. J. J. Crait Henderson, M.P., who tabled the motion in the House of Commons against the conscription of women between forty-five and fifty, has been snowed under with letters from young women endorsing his point of view.

"We have hardly anything to do," one of these youthful Civil Service clerks wrote to him, "and so we spend our time knitting and smoking. But the 'higher-ups' are not perturbed by these things *and don't want them changed*."

The last words, which we have italicised and which summarise the grievance of innumerable readers, reach the core of the entire problem.

The "higher-ups," both in administrative and Service circles, *don't* want to release any subordinates. Why not? Because they believe their own importance is estimated by the numerical strength of the staffs under their control.

THEY may have cause to believe this, but, if so, the standard we have set up is miserably false. The only true test of national effort in time of total war is output judged in relation to effort. And, by this test, the Civil Service and the Women's Forces are both woefully lacking. They waste far more potential effort than Ernest Bevin is demanding.

Not that this applies only to young women. Many thousands of young men, still classified as indispensable on work of national importance, could be replaced without the slightest difficulty.

In short, a real comb-out of youngsters in official, semi-official and otherwise "essential" soft jobs would supply Mr. Bevin with all the extra labour he needs at the present moment.

The war is going well for us. It would be madness not to admit this. Perhaps it may go less well in coming months. We make no predictions.

But certainly there is no immediate need to call up middle-aged women. Given an honest "purge" of man-power still wastefully employed, we should never have cause to compel this free country's mothers and middle-aged wives into any service more important than the one they are now doing, and doing so well.

Germany Gets Ready for the End

NAZI propaganda is turning the spotlight on Colonel-General Fromm.

Many other German generals before have sunned themselves in the glow of Goebbels' publicity, but Fromm's new-found prominence is an event of extraordinary importance.

★ ★ ★

Because Fromm is described as the Commander-in-Chief of the German Home Army—the army which has the task of defending German territory against Allied invasion.

Never before in this war has the High Command of the Wehrmacht admitted that a large body of troops has to be retained on German territory to guard against unpleasant possibilities. The Wehrmacht was trained for aggression and conquest.

And Fromm's appointment to this post is but one of the Nazis' preparations to fight a last-ditch battle when all their conquests are lost.

Even German war reporters admit that new recruits sent to the various war fronts are elderly men who have formerly worked in industry and have been hurriedly summoned for service on the total mobilisation order of last March.

But there were tens of thousands of young industrial workers who were affected by this order, men between the age of 19 and 25 who have been put into uniform at short notice.

Almost all these men have received some sort of military training in the various Nazi semi-military organisations. They are good Nazis, Party members—*but they have not been sent to the front.*

They are the men who now come under the command of General Fromm and are being included in the German Home Army. They are being intensively trained in all arms to provide a last-stand defence army.

★ ★ ★

As the German High Command sees it, this army might be called upon to fight in Austria if elimination of Italy or disintegration of the Balkans brings Allied troops to Germany's borders.

They may have to be rushed to Bremen and Hamburg if, as even Nazi leaders fear, the "obliteration raids" of the R.A.F. are followed up by daring raids on German territories.

★ ★ ★

And these men are slowly being distributed among the main defence lines which members of the Todt, the Nazi Labour Organisation, are building around the German Reich.

All these frantic German preparations, which go hand in hand with a new propaganda line to prepare the German people for the extreme possibilities of the near future, are a measure of the vast change which the war has undergone in the last ten weeks.

It has brought the threat of defeat right to the borders of Germany.

Russia in the East, the Anglo-American forces in the South, and the threat which the vast army on this island constitutes to German positions in the West, add up to a formidable argument to which the experts of the Blitzkrieg will find it difficult to give an answer.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—For several hours I waded wearily through the mass of words which, officially, are known as Statutory Rules and Orders, 1943, Nos. 1043, 1044 and 1045. They define Emergency Powers (Defence) Fire Guard.

They have taken your experts about two and three-quarter years to prepare. Instead of a simply phrased set of regulations you have issued more than 40,000 words of bureaucratic Whitehallese, so involved that a memorandum of about 50,000 words is necessary to explain what they mean.

The memorandum is, in my opinion, more complicated and more obtuse than the new Orders. Clause 70 is an outstanding example of the art of circumlocution, the Red-Tape mind at its confusing best. Please read it. Then re-read it.

And pity the poor men and women who are looking to such explanations for light in the Whitehall darkness!—JOHN BULL.

Miss ANNETTE SNAPPER, U.S. Restaurant Consultant

DEAR MISS SNAPPER,—You have stepped in where I and millions of men like me have feared to tread by telling the National Society of Caterers to Industry that British cooking is lacking in imagination.

Now I know what's wrong with my breakfast when two square inches of bacon look like two square inches of bacon and nothing more. Lack of imagination! Mrs. "J.B.'s" imagination—or lack of it—must be blamed, too, because my shillingsworth of meat, at the third time of asking, simply refuses to look impressive in a sea of well-cooked vegetables.

Perhaps lack of imagination will make up for lack of suet, lack of cooking fats, lack of flavourings, lack of sugar. And perhaps, if we let imagination body forth, we'll dine on imaginary sirloin of beef and lunch off *suprême de volaille à la maitre d'hôtel*.—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—*Mrs. "J.B." wants to know if you have tried romanticising food on the basis of rations for two.*

Brigadier-General F. H. OSBORN, Director, Special Services Divison, U.S. War Dept.

DEAR BRIGADIER,—Whenever I see an American soldier—and I've seen so many the length and breadth of Britain that I've wondered whether Col. McCormick had roped us in as an extra State of the U.S.A.!—I see more than a man in khaki. I see a living link between your land and mine.

You told London newspapermen: "We want our troops in this country to be so informed that when they return to the United States they will have such an understanding of our warm and friendly relationship with our ally, Great Britain, that such a change in public opinion as happened after the last war will be impossible."

The last war was different. Few American soldiers caught more than a glimpse of this country, and those who did were not here long enough to break down the first barriers of reserve.

Those barriers don't exist to-day. Early difficulties have vanished, and the doughboy is as much at home in London or Blackpool as he is in New York or Atlantic City.

All of us must work and pray that those stupid barriers are never again erected. Our alliance doesn't end with the passing of Hitlerism. It only really begins then. And every one of your lads, I hope, realises that.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. T. V. SOONG, Foreign Minister, the Chinese Republic

DEAR DR. SOONG,—Too many people in this country and in other "enlightened" lands are still as ignorant of your vast nation as were their ancestors in the days of Marco Polo.

China to them is still remote, inscrutable. They know that for six years China has waged a weary and unequal war against the legions of Japan; they sense vaguely the sufferings and miseries that have engulfed tens of millions of your innocent civilians.

Yet the conflict remains an "incident." The mists of thousands of miles of space obscure it, and, of necessity, it has to take a minor place in the columns of our newspapers.

But there are people in this country who realise the vital importance of China in the post-war world.

They know the virility and resilience of the poorly equipped armies which have battled so stoutly against the Mikado's hordes.

They know that the modern China is ready to take its place in the councils of the democracies. They know that you are one of the men of vision who see the future China as an efficient, organised entity.

They know, too, that world harmony which we need so badly cannot exist unless China plays a leading rôle in establishing security and enduring peace in Asia; and in raising the standard of living among her patient millions. In a word, a stable, prosperous and progressive China is essential to us all.

A man of vision who sees the future China as an efficient and organised entity, he has plans that should be heeded by other leaders of the United Nations

Your announcement that China will remain mobilised after the defeat of Japan, so that a comprehensive plan for industrialisation on modern lines can be carried through as the keystone of a great social reconstruction scheme is one which might well be heeded by other leaders of the United Nations.

After the last war Britain paid the penalty of not planning for peace as she had planned for war. You seem determined that China shall not face the same internal chaos.

Wisdom comes from the East. The West, I hope, will hear its voice.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARCHIBALD CARTER, Chairman, Board of Customs and Excise

DEAR SIR ARCHIBALD,—Nearly a year ago 31,260 sheepskin vests were bought by the Merchant Navy Comforts Service from the Australian Wool Board for free distribution to men on navigation watches and to gun-crews.

Because the Comforts Service could not guarantee that all the vests would go to men serving in foreign-going ships your officials demanded payment of £8,000 Purchase Tax. They rejected the plea that coastal work was as arduous as deep-sea service. The tax was paid under protest, but for ten months the warmth of those vests was denied the men who keep watch and ward on our shores.

Your officials may have observed the letter of the law. They have certainly failed to observe the deep debt of gratitude every man, woman and child in this island owes to the sailors who guard our coasts.

There's still time to put that £8,000 back into the fund subscribed by a thankful nation.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P., Secretary for India

DEAR MR. AMERY,—In some circles before the war—and Fleet Street was not guiltless in this respect—any utterance of pride in the Empire was likely to be condemned as "jingoism," or Kiplingesque Imperialism.

To-day the world knows that the Empire, or the Commonwealth of Nations, has saved it from a thousand years of darkness. And I am grateful to you for stressing that point in your address to a teachers' course at York.

Elementary school teachers as a whole know little about the working of the Empire. They can pass on to their pupils only a vague, sketchy idea of the rôle the Commonwealth has played, and will continue to play, in leading the world towards happier, safer days.

We don't want flag-waving or empty talk about the "glory" of Empire. All our children need learn is a sober appreciation of the fact that the Commonwealth is the rock around which the tides of Axis destruction swirled in vain.—JOHN BULL.

THERE'S A COMMON POOL IN LIFE

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

ARTHUR MEE devoted his life to writing for children, and found in the task not only profit but joy. So much joy that in his will he left £200 to his old school at Stapleford, the income to be awarded each year to the boy who leaves school with the best record, "as an expression of my good will on his journey through the world that I have found so friendly and so wonderful."

★ ★ ★

The twin cup of hate and bitterness spills over; the earth and the sea and the sky tremble and shake to the sound of bursting shells, shattering depth-charges and the roar of engines—for hours early this morning I lay awake listening to the sinister drone of bombers as wave after wave flew towards Hitler's imprisoned Europe.

Cities lie in ruins. Once proud Hamburg has blazed the way to dusty death. Countries are torn and bleeding. Millions of men blast one another on the Russian front. Millions of civilians face starvation. Children hunger and perish.

The world is a madhouse. All the energy of mankind is devoted to destruction. All the ingenuity, the brain-power, the resources of our land and others are directed to one purpose—the extermination of Hitler and his beastliness.

Men are wrenched away from homes and children. Tender girls, still in their teens, are thrust into a world of brutality and lust. Boys go from school to Army camp, and hardly know that their boyhood has flown.

The globe is ravaged by the wire-worms of war, and the good earth has yet to be freed of the pests.

In short, we live in a world of fear, of want, of sorrow, of pain, of rottenness, and of rapine, a world which is disintegrating before our eyes, a world which is a horrible travesty of the one we once knew, a world whose insanity is the price of man's monumental folly and stupidity.

★ ★ ★

Arthur Mee found in life love and friendship and happiness and content. What grand fortune! I nearly wrote "luck," but a man who sees clearly the wonders of the world and finds the gold beneath its dross is not lucky.

He has solved for himself the riddle of living well—not in terms of food or comforts, but in terms of beauty and sincerity.

There is a common pool in life—a pool, I am convinced, which is governed by immutable laws. The individual gives and takes. Be friendly, and friendship comes to you. Be bitter, and bitterness is returned to you.

★ ★ ★

Love the world, and love is yours. The pool yields nothing until it has received something. The power of millions cannot draw from it an ounce of happiness or a scintilla of friendship.

Arthur Mee found that out. He gave friendship, and friends were his in overflowing measure. He looked on the world with wonder, and he saw the wonders of the world.

It seems a simple thing, to go through life and see the virtues of one's fellows, to make friends and not enemies, to appreciate beauty and not create ugliness of mind or spirit.

But, alas, how difficult it is. And how quickly beauty and truth and love fade unless they are cherished and wanted.

A Beveridge Report on such things would be useful to this mad world of ours.

AIR EPICS OF THE ACES—1. By ROY DONNE

★ *Three times Alan Deere has escaped death by "baling out." In a recent fortnight, the R.A.F. Wing he commands increased its station's record "kill" of enemy planes from 1,000 to 1,038—and Deere accounted for one of them, his 21st victim, without firing a shot. His quarry dived to escape, and went on diving until it crashed!*

★

D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar are the decorations he has won as one of those "few to whom so many owe so much." And his finest hour was the rescue of a comrade from France just before Dunkirk and after a terrific air scrap

★

This was Deere's Finest Hour

"OF all my combats, the most unforgettable was when I flew my Spitfire One over Calais Marck Aerodrome, looking for a missing commander who'd crash-landed there.

"Till then I'd never fought a Hun. Nor had a Spit matched itself against an Me 109.

"As a pretty green pilot officer, I didn't dream I'd be helping to make a bit of air history that day.

"In the hope of rescuing the lost commander I'd flown from my base in England, leading another Spit and a slow-moving Miles Master trainer, which alone had a chance of landing safely on the wrecked airfield.

Unforgettable Incident

"When over it, I signalled to the Miles to touch down wherever he could find a clear spot.

"I sent the second Spit up to 5,000 ft. to sit on top of a cloud drifting over my head and providing a perfect screen through which the "Jerries" could otherwise surprise us.

"I cruised at a thousand feet, and the Miles was later taking off to rejoin me when the unforgettable happened . . ."

Wing Commander Alan Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, ace of many conquests, flashed his mind back to make sure no other incident had left so indelible a mark on his memory.

We were at Biggin Hill, Britain's most famous fighter station, where he leads the Wing that shot down the record-breaking sector's thousandth victim.

One thousand, in illuminated figures, blinked down at us from a sign as if challenging his choice of that Calais story from the high spots crowding his battle life.

Thrice in over three years of combats, Lucky "Al," with the proverbial nine lives of the cat, himself escaped by baling out.

Another time he got clear of his crashed and blazing 'plane by smashing a way through the perspex cockpit hood with his hands.

"No," he reflected, "I've been up in Spits for over a thousand operational hours, and not one gave me the kick of that Calais show at that hectic time in May, 1940, just before Dunkirk."

So here, in his own words, is the rest of the story:—

When the Miles took off to rejoin me, I'd no idea whether he'd found the missing commander.

He'd no R.T. and I'd no radio contact with him as I had with the other Spit pilot, Pilot Officer Johnny Allen.

Nor was I certain whether the airfield was in French or German hands or a mix-up of both.

From my cockpit I saw a scene of bewildering confusion below and for miles around, with no ordered movement anywhere. French troops and advancing Germans and swarming civilian refugees were falling over one another.

It was a day of brilliantly sunny, blue skies with perfect visibility except for occasional wisps of filmy cloud.

Attack Begins

From a thousand feet I could have identified the missing commander had he shown himself, but my gaze was more concerned with what might be coming to us from above.

And just as the Miles came up, Johnny warned me on his R.T. that twelve Me 109's had appeared and were diving to attack.

He nipped back through the cloud to team up with me; while I swooped close to the ground to waggle my wings as a signal for the Miles to get down again. We hadn't a hope of defending him in the air.

Meeting my first Hun, matching a Spit for the first time against an Me 109! A dozen of them against two of us!

They streaked through the cloud before we'd time to think out tactics; we'd precious little chance anyway for teamwork with only two of us.

We just went for them hammer and tongs. A real dogfight; a crazy show compared with the pitch of tactical technique we've attained nowadays.

What a mix-up! But I'd at least twelve intentional chances of getting a Hun to one of accidentally hitting Johnny.

Somehow we won. I wondered how, and have wondered still more so since. I shot down two and damaged a third. Johnny downed one and crippled another.

Suddenly, with seven "Jerries" still unscathed and nine in the air, our guns became silent—we'd used up our ammunition.

So we bluffed them by twisting and turning and hanging on their tails as if in hot pursuit, and by the grace of God they never guessed we hadn't a bullet left between us.

Shocked By the Spits

To our amazement they broke off the fight and vanished into the cloud, shocked by their first contact with the Spits.

We scarcely believed our luck in having the chance of getting ourselves and our news back home. We'd still another bit to come.

In our excitement we'd forgotten the Miles pilot, but when we looked down he was taking aboard the missing commander.

Like ourselves he'd been unable to make up his mind whether the airfield was in friendly or hostile hands, and he'd been hiding in a ditch till the noise of battle caused him to look around and see the Miles and Spits were handy.

He was Squadron Leader J. A. Leathart, D.S.O., now commanding a night fighter squadron in the Middle East.

We all reached our base with the Spit v. Me news everybody was waiting for.

I got another five at Dunkirk, and fought alongside Johnny till he was killed in the Battle of Britain.

Three times on my station I'd the good fortune after being shot up of turning up next day to see I'd been posted missing.

I flew with 54 Squadron then (latterly with 611), and with us was Malan with 74 and Tuck with 92.

Malan, to whom I've stuck close for five years, was Biggin's first war time Wing Commander and now commands the sector; and Tuck was fourth—four ahead of me. . .

Such is the best story of "Al" Deere. He estimates that 50 per cent. of the "veterans" are still going strong in one theatre or another after nearly four years of war.

His new pilots, he says, though with less experience, are of just as good material as the old-timers.

It's hard to believe their battle-bronzed Wing Commander, one of Fighter Command's most distinguished pilots and its most famous New Zealander, is still only twenty-five.

He has never flown anything but Spits—from his One that made history over Calais Marck to the Nine he flies to-day.

Still the Best

Its speed of over 400 m.p.h. at the rated altitude, its marvellous climbing power and all-round performance puts it on top of the Germans' F.W. 190 and scares stiff many of their pilots.

With good reason when "Al" Deere is behind its guns.

For a breather he was given a ground staff job, but was soon "upstairs" again.

"You bet it feels pretty good to be flying once more against the Hun!"

SCHOOL FOR ROBINSON CRUSOES

DR. KENNETH P. EMORY, a world authority on the lonely atolls of the Pacific, is running a school for castaways at Honolulu.

With a naval-sparring area spreading over millions of square miles, the chances of a sailor finding himself cast up on a Pacific atoll can scarcely be described as remote.

★ ★ ★

But if your man listens carefully to what Dr. Emory has to tell him, he will crawl undismayed from the surf, secure in the knowledge that he can out-Robinson Mr. Crusoe any day of the week.

Almost the first thing Dr. Emory tells him is to hang on to his jack-knife at all costs. Let your trousers go, if you must, but keep a firm grip on your knife, for "it is one half of your life."

Once ashore, you embark first on the plumbing arrangements.

These consist of lashing a pearl shell to a branch or piece of turtle bone—to be had for the picking up—and digging a well with the improvised spade.

You'll get drinking water on the driest of islands by that simple process.

You then fall with a glad cry on the nearest coconut palm, which constitutes the Selfridge, Woolworth, or What-Have-You General Stores of a desert island.

The coconut palm will quench your thirst:

In its green state a coconut produces a drink fit for the gods—a drink which can't do you any harm however much you have of it.

The coconut palm will feed you:

Dr. Emory shows you how to grate its appetising contents on its own shell as quickly and neatly as you grate cheese with a cheese-grater; how to squeeze the gratings in a cloth and produce a genuine cream containing fats of nourishing value; how to mix a royal dish of raw fish, coconut cream and juice squeezed from a freshly picked lime.

And he tells you of many other meals produced by the coconut, of which bread and "celery" is but one example.

The coconut palm is the local pub:

Strip the lower fronds downwards and the trunk will drip a liquid which, if you catch it in an empty coconut shell and keep it for a couple of days, will make Napoleon brandy cringe back in watery shame!

The coconut palm will clothe you:

Coconut cloth, a fabric woven by the tree itself, can be used to make almost any article of clothing. It can also be used as a mosquito net, a fishing net, a strainer, and to make a very pleasant shady hat.

★ ★ ★

The coconut palm will house you:

Dr. Emory shows you how to build a framework from the stems of the tree's 30-ft. long leaves, tied together with coconut cloth, and how to thatch the framework with basket-woven leaves of a smaller size.

Dr. Emory gives his potential Crusoes a lot of other life-saving advice, too.

But the doctor asks only one thing of his pupils: That is, if they happen across any of his beloved natives they'll pass on his kind regards.

You bet they will!

PATRICK SPENCER.

Write to "John Bull" About it

THE WEAPON WE NEED NOW

Alertness and determination are personified by these Eighth Army men as they advance along a railway line in Sicily. Should not we at home be as alert and resolute in preparing for peace? For time is pressing, and the end of the war may come swiftly

★ Hitler has but one hope of averting utter defeat—the political weapon. With it, he is seeking to cleave the Allies. But it is a weapon that we, too, should use. A weapon by which we could achieve real unity between the United Nations and the demoralisation of the enemy!

By A. G. GARDINER

HITLER is playing his last card. It is a dangerous card if neglected. It is a futile card if it is countered firmly and promptly.

In a military sense, Germany has lost the war. This is understood by none better than by Germany herself. She sees the stark truth as no outsider can see it.

She remembers August, 1918, and she knows that by comparison with that fatal month her position today is infinitely more desperate.

Look at the bald, indisputable facts as she sees them:—

Defeat in Russia. The Mediterranean lost. Italy in collapse. The whole South European front caving in. Her cities razed to the ground. The U-boat hope gone. Beaten at sea, beaten in the air, beaten on land. Her satellites wavering. Her victims rising in their wrath. Her resources diminishing as those of her enemy increase.

We can see the meaning of these facts. But how much more acutely does Germany see it? She remembers August, 1918. She knew she was defeated then. She knows she is defeated now. Unless a miracle happens. Unless her enemies come to her rescue.

* * *

It is in these circumstances that the last card is being played. It is the one card in the employment of which Hitler is a master.

As a military leader he has been the greatest failure in history. His "intuition" has brought Germany to the brink of ruin.

Germany knows this, and whatever the present truth about him may be, it is certain that he is no longer in military control. If, for a little longer, he survives the fate of Mussolini it is for two reasons.

THE FIRST IS THAT THE FALL OF THE IDOL WOULD SHATTER THE MORALE OF GERMANY AND PLUNGE THE COUNTRY INTO CIVIL WAR.

THE OTHER IS THAT HE HAS THE POLITICAL CUNNING THAT MAY YET STAVE OFF UTTER MILITARY CATASTROPHE.

It was that cunning that so nearly gave Germany the victory in 1940. He rotted within the countries he intended to destroy. He corrupted them and deceived them "one by one."

He had his Fifth Columns everywhere. He preyed upon the national antagonisms. For years he poisoned the world with his propaganda.

War, as he said, was only to come as the final phase of this process of political disintegration. But for the Battle of Britain his cunning would have triumphed. From that defeat, however, he never recovered.

Now, at the end of four years of war, with overwhelming disaster imminent, Germany's forlorn hope is, once more, the political weapon. She cannot save herself. Only her enemies can save her. They can save her by falling out among themselves.

To bring this about the whole world-wide propaganda machine of Goebbels is now directed. You may see the plot at work every day and almost any hour of the day by simply switching the loudspeaker on to Germany.

The voice of the odious traitor Joyce has lost its old tone of assurance. The fog of despair that envelops Germany has got into his throat and he talks like one who knows that the hangman's rope is very near.

His lies about the war may be disregarded. They are no longer served out to Germany, and one has only to turn to the relatively candid and truthful broadcasts of Dittmar and Sertorius to appreciate his mendacity.

It is one of the mysteries of the German mentality that it should be thought that there is a profitable market here for lies that have lost their market even in Germany.

But the war is no longer the real theme of the broadcasts. Their object is political. It is to spread distrust and suspicion among the Allies. The burden of the tale is always the same. It has three main strains that turn up with "damnable iterations."

First, of course, there is the turnip-bogy of Bolshevism. Stalin's purpose is to obliterate the British Empire and to establish a Communist hegemony over Europe. Against this plot Germany stands as the sole bastion of "Western civilisation."

If she falls civilisation falls, Britain falls, America falls, France, Holland, everything falls into the stockpot of the monster of Moscow.

* * *

The second strain is no less hair-raising. In this case it is the war-monger Roosevelt who is the chief criminal. He, too, has his designs on the British Empire.

Already he has got his grip on our colonies and dominions—so much so that the Empire is practically in Uncle Sam's fob.

He intends to drive us out of the air. He intends to sweep our merchantmen off the seas. Again it is only heroic Hitler and his Nazi Germany that can save us from destruction.

But, of course, at the back of both these predatory monsters are the Jew financiers who are the real authors of the war and who also aim at a world hegemony. Stalin and Roosevelt alike are their tools, their creatures. And we British, poor mutts, are the victims of the whole bunch of criminals.

Are The War's Optimists Just "Fools"?

COLONEL KNOX has described the people who believe in victory this year as "fools."

Victory in Europe this year is a possibility, but not more. It cannot be ruled out, but it would be foolish indeed to table on it as a probability.

The German retreat in Russia is a fighting withdrawal which, at the beginning, was not voluntary, but a result of the Russian counter-offensive.

But it now looks more and more as part of a defensive plan by which the German generals hope to save some fifty divisions and several thousands of planes which they will urgently need in other parts of Europe, especially as a result of an Italian withdrawal from the Balkans and from France.

* * *

Now, what about the German Southern front? Many people here talk lightly either of the Germans "occupying all Northern Italy" or "defending the Brenner."

I should be ready to wager that they will do neither.

To occupy Northern Italy would mean defending the vast flat valley of the Po, where Allied offensives would be possible at any time throughout the winter, which is there comparatively mild.

* * *

And they would need for that purpose even a larger number of divisions than they may save through their withdrawal in the East!

Nor will they "defend the Brenner," because they would have an ideal line of defence much farther South.

They will probably build up an advance line approximately along the pre-1918 frontier between Austria and Italy, with the capital of the province of Trento as headquarters.

From that line they could be driven back, though not easily, and not without substantial losses for the attackers.

But then they will make a new stand in Southern Tyrol, south of the capital of that province, Bozen (Bolzano), along the former linguistic frontier which also happens to be strategically a first-class defence line.

There, with comparatively very few divisions, they could hold out easily throughout the winter. And even if the Allies, by paying a huge price, succeeded in pushing them back, the Germans could rely on almost impregnable positions such as the defiles of Franzensfeste and Martinsbrueck, long before having to defend the Brenner.

But war has become also a question of nerves and of spirit.

* * *

The Germans could only hold out indefinitely if they were able to keep the war, as in 1918, far from their home-towns. And that is why the devastating air raids of the R.A.F. will prove decisive and *may* bring the decision even this year.

So the "fools" may be right, after all. But for the moment we had better assume that they are fools.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

The broadcasts to Am
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The broadcasts to America and to Russia are adjusted to the same end. In America every anti-British element is appealed to to save the country from the treacheries and knaveries of Britain.

In Russia we are gibbeted as bleeding the Soviet armies white to save our own skins and to bring the downfall of the Russian system.

And so over the whole world this political offensive is waged to counter the inexorable drift of the war of arms. It is hoped that somewhere a breach will be made in the ranks of the Allies that will turn events to Germany's advantage.

It is Hitler's last card. If the solidarity of the Anglo-Russo-American alliance cannot be shaken the defeat of Germany is a mathematical certainty.

Now, in saying that the card is "dangerous if neglected" I do not mean to express a real alarm. I am only uttering a cautionary word.

I am only suggesting that nothing should be done to imperil the solidarity of the alliance and nothing should be left undone that would make it invulnerable to attack.

Both these things need to be said. So far as Anglo-American relations are concerned there is no shadow of disquiet. Thanks to Pearl Harbour and thanks to the cordial understanding between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt the possibility of any breach between Britain and America may be ruled out of the reckoning.

If the relations between the English-speaking members of the Alliance and Russia are more delicate, that implies no criticism of either side.

BUT IT DOES IMPLY THE NEED OF SUBORDINATING SMALL THINGS TO GREAT. UNITED WE CAN WIN THE WAR. DIVIDED WE SHOULD PLAY INTO HITLER'S HAND. WE SHOULD GIVE HIM A NEW LEASE OF LIFE. WE SHOULD PROLONG THE WAR.

Two things are urgent. First, that on each side there should be an end of the suspicions and criticisms which the enemy seize on to create distrust in both countries.

Second, and most important, there should be at the earliest possible moment the long-delayed meeting of the three leaders of the Alliance.

This is vital. Mr. Churchill has been to Russia, and President Roosevelt has been to Casablanca. If the three could now meet somewhere on the Mediterranean, Hitler's last card would be outplayed.

We have got him on to the ropes. Let us make an end of him, and, with him, of Nazi Germany.

★ If you want to know how your neighbours are living to-day, how much they earn and how much they spend, read this fascinating survey by MAURICE FAGENCE

High-Wage Bogy Laid to Rest

MR. and Mrs. Averageman are not "doing well out of the war."

They are not buying grand pianos for every room—nor any other unnecessary luxuries, for that matter.

They are not saving hand over fist.

And that picture of a working-class population earning five times as much as it knows what to do with is—with very few exceptions—a fabulous lie.

No Doubt of it!

How do I know?

Because it is proved beyond doubt by a very remarkable social survey concluded recently after two years of door-to-door investigation in typical British cities and towns, and which I describe more fully in a footnote to this article.

Let us visit a branch of the Averageman family which lives in a busy munition city.

The family income is £5 3s. 6d. a week gross, and rent, rates, National Health and income tax bring it down to £4 3s. 4d.

Not bad, you might say. But remember that that is the family income, not just dad's.

It is the family income averaged over hundreds and hundreds of typical homes of all types, in some of which there are wives or children working and in other cases not.

See how they spend that £4 3s. 4d.—again on average. Fuel, 7s. 5d.; clothes, 11s. 7d.; luxuries (entertainments, tobacco, alcohol, sweets), 10s. 3d.; newspapers, postage stamps, laundry, doctor, hire purchase, 4s. 8d.; and—well, how much do you think on saving?

Just 4s. 8d. per week, of which the State takes less than half for war loans, and insurances a great deal of the remainder.

Now let us take the whole nation-wide ramifications of the Averageman family.

By far the most well-to-do people sharing their homes are the single lodgers in their top rooms.

Let us average *them* out.

The single men earn £4 2s. 6d. gross, the single women £2 17s. 1d.

The former pay £1 12s. 1d. for their board and lodging, the latter £1 6s.

The ordinary man (and woman) don't recognise Sir William Beveridge when they see him. But he knows what they want

The Lodger Pays

And here let me say that anything the Averagemans make out of their lodgers has been taken into account in the figure I have already given for their average income.

The men lodgers are able to spend 5s. 5d. a week on clothes, the women 9s. 9d. The men 8s. 6d. on tobacco, the women 2s. 6d. The men 5s. 1d. on alcohol, the women 3d.

The men spend 2s. 8d. a week on entertainment, or 4d. more than the women, but this is just balanced by the woman spending 4d. more on sweets.

Perhaps a woman's "bottom drawer" instinct accounts for one very surprising fact.

Although the single men in lodgings spend more on insuring themselves than the single women, the women put 6s. 7d. a week away in war loan and the men only 1s. 10d.

Not so well off the married members of the Averageman family. Let the Chancellors of the Exchequer who hack away at wives' and children's income tax allowances bear that fact in mind.

Against the 9s. 9d. a week, Mrs. Averageman's woman lodger can spend on dress, Mrs. Averageman can spend 4s. 7d. a week.

That is until she becomes a Service man's wife—the wife of Private Averageman. Then she can spend only 3s. 7d. a week on clothing herself.

Dad's clothing bill is 4s. 2d. a week. Their children in full employment — perhaps because they have to help with the home — cannot spend as much as the woman lodger, for their clothing bill is 6s. 1d. a week.

And as for the Averageman non-earning kids, who kick their shoes to pieces, and tear their clothes on barbed wire and anything else that can ruin a suit or frock in a minimum of time, only 2s. 9d. a week can be spent on clothing and shoeing them.

Which is why the Averageman kids so often have wet feet.

Old-Age Pensioners

But what about old Mrs. Averageman, the old-age pensioner? She can spend only 1s. 3d. a week on clothes.

Except when the Averagemans are what is known as pensioner-couples, which means that both are drawing pensions.

Then they have just 10d. each to spend on clothes.

Single old-age pensioners spend 7d. a week on entertainments, which includes theatres, cinemas, tobacco, alcohol and sweets.

Let the whole 7d. go on tobacco—and even then I don't think old Mr. Averageman would get many hours of solace from his pipe.

I mentioned those Mrs. Averagemans who become the wives of Serving men.

There is a belt of them—just one-fifth—who are quite well off.

On average, they put into national savings 27s. a week—or the bulk of their allowances.

But the survey shows that many of these are girls who have married, continued with their jobs, continued to live with mother.

Against those, the survey has found another belt of Servicemen's wives who just can't escape debt, no matter how they try.

They're Lucky

Before the recent increase in allowances they were running into debt, on average, to the tune of 15s. 6d. a week. "Their tendency to debt appears inescapable," says the report.

Many of them are wives who have to live on their own, have young children, cannot work.

I offer you out of interest only the fact that, on average as revealed by survey, 49 per cent. of the men of Blackburn hand their wage envelopes over to their wives intact—as against 24 per cent. Leeds, 15 Bradford, 11 Bristol, 7 York, 5 Slough.

And that there are some men mean enough not only to deceive their wives as to their earnings, but actually to rob them of the right to do the family spending.

For the survey shows that the person who gets the least benefit from the money that enters a house is Mrs. Averageman herself, and that she, good woman as she is, doesn't object so much to the sacrifice where she can get a psychological kick out of doing the family spending herself.

Telling Fact

But not out of interest, but as a bitter commentary on the inequalities of present-day life, do I offer the fact that a man and wife with three children have little more to spend on clothes than a man and wife alone, considerably less than half to spend on luxuries despite the bigger number in the family, and, as you might expect, not much more than one-third to put away in savings, despite their greater need for security.

And that as a family grows the amount available for food per head goes down until the figures hint at starvation.

Horrible figures, these. They show that the surest way to stark poverty is to surround yourself with little children.

No Chancellor should ever make a Budget, no Pensions Minister decide the fate of the old or wounded, no Labour Minister fix industrial standards, until he has made himself acquainted with all the facts in this remarkable survey.

The figures on which this article is based are from "War Time Pattern of Spending and Saving," by Charles Madge (Cambridge University Press, 6s. net). The conclusions are, in many cases, my own. I commend students to the report itself, which is based on thorough inquiries of the most widespread character. My article deals with but one facet of life in war time Britain.—M. F.

£1,000,000 BLACK MARKET BEAUTY RACKET

She will do it—with the result that many million pounds are spent on cosmetics in a single year. And now about a million pounds of that total are going into the pockets of Black Marketmen! New regulations will not deter them

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

MANY million pounds are now being spent by women each year on cosmetics.

This total would be much greater but for the heavy Government restrictions on the manufacture of beauty preparations.

Purchase Tax on these millions *should* bring in the Chancellor of the Exchequer a fine fat sum, for most cosmetics come under the "Luxury" heading, and are therefore taxable at the highest rate.

I use the word "should" purposely.

For so lax are the regulations governing the manufacture and sale of cosmetics that the Exchequer is being cheated of at least £1,000,000 a year through black market devices.

In other words, vast sums derived from their sale are going into the pockets of a ring of greedy speculators who have found many loopholes in the present regulations.

Through questions asked in the House of Commons, and from the reports of special investigators lately submitted to the Board of Trade, the Government is aware of the scandal.

His Suspicion

Major Lloyd George, Minister for Fuel and Power, himself went so far the other day as to say that "it was suspected that a racket is going on in what are known as 'toilet preparations.'"

Suspected, indeed! Why, ex-Superintendent George Yandell (until recently one of the "Big Five" at Scotland Yard and now Chief Investigator at the Board of Trade itself) holds the view that the worst of all Black Markets today is that which deals in face creams, perfumes, lipsticks and the like!

Listen to what Mr. Yandell said the other day:

"There is no traffic worse, or which shows greater profits—*or has attracted more criminals*—than cosmetics.

"Even industrial lacquer has been supplied by paint manufacturers to 'new' cosmetic manufacturers in nail varnish bottles. And these have been passed off to the retailer as genuine nail varnish!"

Apart from the fact that the London Chamber of Trade, and many other trade protection associations, have made their own impartial investigations into this growing racket, I have discovered that at least *four* different Government Departments have been cogitating for months on what steps could—and should—be taken to stop it.

They are: The Ministry of Food—because indisputable evidence has been lodged with its officials showing that milk and milk powder, eggs, flour, salad oil, margarine and even butter have been wantonly used by Black Marketeers in the illegal manufacture of so-called beauty preparations;

The Ministry of Fuel and Power—because oils and waxes, glycerine, paraffin, varnish and other vital necessities for war work have been used on a big scale in this "beauty" Black Market;

The Board of Trade—because it has a duty to investigate such discoveries and take appropriate action to break the traffic;

The Ministry of Health—because dermatitis and other skin diseases have become increasingly prevalent due to the injurious effect of many of these illegally manufactured productions.

Many doctors have complained to the General Medical Council about this latter aspect of the matter.

Some people may say that, if women will go in for questionable cosmetics when the Government restrictions on their output are so well known, they are themselves to blame if they contract some disease or pay through the nose for Black Market products.

That is not the point. The law is being broken, the Exchequer defrauded, public health menaced, while fat profits are going into the pockets of crooks who ought to be rounded up quickly and put into prison.

Enormous Profits

Inquiries were made some time ago by Scotland Yard into the operations of a so-called merchant with many addresses.

He was employing agents to obtain orders for cosmetics, at prices which brought him several hundreds per cent. profit, from "starved" beauty salons and hairdressing establishments in different parts of the country.

The stuff he sold bore a properly-registered trade name, and belonged to a "manufacturer" who was in business before July, 1940—after which date no one not previously in business could set up to manufacture cosmetics.

Just Camouflage

Actually, his name was on the packets and bottles solely as a trick to cover his racketeering activities.

For the smallest chemist, in the smallest village shop, who can show that he was in the habit of making up a few bottles of hair dressing or perfume before July, 1940, can legally pass himself off as a fully-fledged "manufacturer" within the meaning of the law!

Black Market saboteurs—and the rogue in this particular case had not long since emerged from a term of penal servitude—soon found golden opportunities in this pretty little loophole.

They bought up an aged or retiring chemist's business and used his name to put their illegal wares on the market.

I have recently given Scotland Yard the names of two much-convicted men who, with a string of agents, are in this way at present making small fortunes.

Most of their clients do not know the real compositions of the camouflaged and coloured muck they are buying at outrageous prices.

Some of these preparations are made up in cellar and backyard "factories" in the most unhygienic conditions.

Some have been prepared from dirty oil obtained from motor sumps after a so-called "fining" process has been carried out.

Cheap Ingredients

Lipstick, or a concoction passed off as such, is often made from cheap wax, with a mixture of oil and beetroot juice.

Eyeblack is just as easily manufactured from soot.

Rouge, unless it bears a reputable name, may be nothing but disguised red paint, finely powdered.

Face powder, as analysts have reported in many cases, has been found to be ground mica—in other words, just grit.

Among other raw materials used is steric acid, which is not at present controlled at source. This, in an undiluted form, is a dirty fat that can quickly cause skin diseases.

Lipstick made from it in the Black Market, and coloured with cheap dyes, can—and does—cause serious internal inflammation.

Some tricksters use false or forged labels bearing good names; others buy up from salvage dealers old bottles, for which they are willing to pay as much as a shilling each.

Stolen Goods

A Black Market minority, whose members work less openly, restrict themselves to the sale of stolen goods obtained either in transit, or from reputable manufacturers and even small chemists' shops.

The Board of Trade is issuing some new regulations shortly; but I'm afraid this scandal will never be stamped out until the ringleaders are rooted out and put into the dock.

And when, in conclusion, I say that *official reports* show that three out of every five women who buy cosmetics bearing unknown names are unwittingly assisting the Black Marketeers, there is clearly no other solution.

Heads He Wins, Tails You Lose

A MR. HAROLD STEVENSON, of 30, Baker Avenue, Leamington Spa, is remarkably frank about an offer to make investors rich quickly.

He says he has an amazing plan to turn an outlay of £200 into £15,000 in three years. It is amazing, certainly!

★ ★ ★

The proposal is put forward in reply to an advertiser who was looking for work and willing to invest a little money.

"I know this sounds absurd, in fact ridiculous, but nevertheless I can prove it to be true," Stevenson writes.

"To be brief," he says, "the plan involves Greyhound Racing. Not by me or you, but by twelve members of the public, each with a capital of £500, giving them £5 a week for one day's work, and about £40 per month interest on their outlay."

Now, though many people would be shrewd enough to shun such a scheme at once, there are others to whom its terms will be inviting. In the belief that, for £200, they can sit back and wait for the profits to roll in, they will—without advice—be foolish enough to take Mr. Stevenson at his face value.

I advise them not to.

This racing optimist says that the twelve members of the public under his scheme will work on a system that will eventually "scoop the pool at selected meetings."

But he does not say who the twelve members of the public are, or how he is going to get them.

★ ★ ★

To my mind, it is clear that all he wants at the moment are investors with £200 to enable him to start the scheme off, and to those who come in on the ground floor he agrees to work on a 50/50 basis.

Anybody who parts with money to this Leamington system specialist deserves to lose it.

It's just another "Heads I Win, Tails You Lose," ramp.

HUMAN MACHINE

ANCIENT WISDOM

How old is wisdom? Probably as old as experience! We, to-day, often think how clever we are, yet a lot of our knowledge is very old.

The ancients knew all about human nature. They knew all about men and women. They knew how silly they can be, how rash, how illogical, how lazy.

Proverbs—which are only a terse summary of the truth—are no new invention. The Greeks, for instance, had many a pithy saying that all of us to-day could still take to heart:

"We foolish men ever pass by the things that lie at our feet, while we long for that which is far away."

"The man who procrastinates is always struggling with misfortune."

And which of us can't make this cap fit?

"We ought to avoid in ourselves the faults that we blame in others."

And here is, perhaps, the most penetrating remark of all:

"He who doesn't find a little enough will find nothing enough."

The old Romans, too, knew a thing or two about human nature:

"Nothing is so pleasing to you when you have obtained it as it was when you merely desired it!"

And it all adds up to what some old Roman said: "The real guide of life is common sense."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Seward, St. Andrew's Road, London, W.3, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are appreciated on all matters concerning a possible scandal or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Jo

★ *Harold was health - but a made other p and want to How his wife was a mystery her revenge*

KNEES bend. Kne wards bend. A ... Mr. Arbuthn enthusiasm and health. He was probab in England, and he knew

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And Mr. Arbuthnot wo toes as he shadow-boxed of him.

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HEALTH IS WEALT was in vermillion wooden plaques. put it up in the nursery, in the hall. When he about for a place in the his wife struck.

"No, Harold. Not here.

He wrote periodical lett Press.

Dear Sir,—Until we become thoroughly healt

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"He says they're definit my present state."

"Harmful be blowed. Never been to a doctor "He says," put in "that I'm suffering fro

"John Bull's" Ten Minute Story . . . . By Hedley Barker

It Stopped His Daily Dozen

★ Harold was a picture of health - but a picture that made other people see red and want to throw things. How his wife endured him was a mystery. But she got her revenge in the end

KNEES bend. Knees stretch. Trunk forwards bend. Arms outwards stretch. . . . Mr. Arbuthnot's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm and the light of perfect health. He was probably the healthiest man in England, and he knew it.

A bit of a nuisance on the quiet. For he went about plugging his health all over the place, and it was rather wearing to the chaps at the office who had spots in front of the eyes and lumbago.

They called him (behind his back) Healthy Harold. They called him other things which are mentioned only where men are men.

Mr. Arbuthnot always arrived like an earthquake. The door would crash, papers would flutter in the breeze, and there he was, bursting with health.

He'd do a couple of arms upwards stretch, just to show them.

"Fifty-two," he'd say, "and fit as a flea. Illness? Bunkum. No need for it. If everybody were to follow my régime there wouldn't be a day's sickness in the country. Six pints of cold water a day, and half an hour's exercise every morning."

At which juncture Mr. Arbuthnot would seize old Perry's walking-stick and drive off an imaginary tee. *Whup!* The stick would whistle through the air.

"Never had a day's illness in my life. No use for doctors. Haven't seen one since I was born."

And Mr. Arbuthnot would dance lightly on his toes as he shadow-boxed the surplus energy out of him.

"You've got a cold, Perry?" he would say. "Ought to be ashamed of yourself. More man-hours wasted over the common cold than anything else. It's idiotic. It's criminal.

"A matter of organised breathing, that's all. Fill your lungs twenty times at an open window every morning. Cold? It's pathetic."

Mr. Arbuthnot's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm and the light of perfect health. He was probably the healthiest man in England, and he knew it

And Mr. Arbuthnot brought up his family in the way they should go. He'd muster the three kids every morning at seven a.m. Knees bend. Knees stretch. Trunk forwards bend.

HEALTH IS WEALTH. The device was in vermillion on neat little wooden plaques. Mr. Arbuthnot put it up in the nursery, in his study, in the hall. When he began to look about for a place in the drawing-room his wife struck.

"No, Harold. Not here. *Please.*"

He wrote periodical letters to the local Press.

Dear Sir,—Until we as a nation become thoroughly health-conscious. . . .

On these occasions he enclosed a portrait of himself breaking the ice on the Serpentine in mid-winter.

Consequently, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Arbuthnot regarded himself as somewhat of an authority on health. And, lately, he had noticed that Enid, his wife, was looking a bit off colour.

"You're not looking quite the thing, my dear," he said one morning.

"No, Harold," said Enid patiently. "I'm not feeling it, either."

"Doing your breathing regularly? Exercises?"

"Doctor Tomkins thought I'd better not for the present."

Loud snort from Mr. Arbuthnot. "Doctor Tomkins? Good lord, Enid! D'you mean to say——?"

"He says they're definitely harmful in my present state."

"Harmful be blowed. Look at me. Never been to a doctor in——"

"He says," put in Enid patiently, "that I'm suffering from degeneration of the heart. I've got to take things very quietly."

"Don't agree with him," fumed Mr. Arbuthnot. "Once you get into the hands of those quacks——"

"I can't argue, Harold," said Enid. "I really don't feel up to it."

In another fortnight Mr. Arbuthnot was really alarmed.

Enid not only looked dreadful, she had taken to her bed. Dr. Tomkins told him that she was gravely ill. He diagnosed an obscure disease with a funny name about which he said he would like another opinion.

The specialist confirmed it. The prognosis was bad. Mrs. Arbuthnot, he said, stood a very good chance of being an invalid for life.

The reaction on Harold Arbuthnot was immediate, and marked. No more driving off the tee with old Perry's walking-stick. No more lectures on the common cold.

Mr. Arbuthnot arrived at the office with no more noise than a ghost. From a breezy, back-slapping, bellowing nuisance, he had become a morose and moody monument of misery.

"Wife any better, Arbuthnot?"

"Not much, old man. I blame myself. I ought to have kept her up to it. The breathing, and the exercises, you know. She got slack. And now——"

"Pity."

"Pity? It's a tragedy. Look at me. And my kiddies. They've never had a toe-ache. Fit as young eels. I shall never forgive myself if——"

WHEN Mr. Arbuthnot got home that night his wife was flushed and strangely excited. She had, it seemed, been reading something, and out of her reading had come a deep conviction.

"Harold—I'm going to be cured. I know it. I feel it in my bones. Look!"

Harold looked. *The Magic Pool of Ockton Parva*, he read. *Miraculous Cures in Village Pond. Woman throws away her Crutches.*

Bunkum. Fiddle-faddle. Flum-diddling hocus-pocus. Mr. Arbuthnot was about to say all these things when something in his wife's eye prevented the outburst

"You've got to get me there at once," said Enid. "You've *got* to, Harold. It's my only chance."

And in that moment something told Harold Arbuthnot that she was right. He rang up Tomkins, asked his advice.

"Well," said Tomkins, "it'll be a shock. I mean, the mere immersion will be a shock, at this time of the year. But if she's set on it I wouldn't deny her. If you do, it may be serious."

Which left Mr. Arbuthnot between the devil and the deep sea.

It was a bit of a strain for him travelling down in the car. They had made up a bed for Enid in the saloon, and she chatted away like one-o'clock.

The nearer they approached Ockton Parva the more haggard did Mr. Arbuthnot look. Immersion. Shock. November. Suppose——?

He felt ill with worry.

At last they drew into the village. The man who owned the pool was doing a roaring trade. Two white-coated attendants supervised the immersions.

When it came to Enid's turn Mr. Arbuthnot nearly disgraced the proceedings by being sick on the bank.

And when, fresh from the pool, dripping bright drops, Enid gave a cry of gladness, he wondered if it wasn't all a dream.

For the first time in six weeks she walked—nay, skipped.

"Harold," she said that night in the village inn, "it's wonderful, simply marvellous—the feeling of well-being. You look worn out. It's been a strain. To please me, will you——"

So Mr. Arbuthnot, only too delighted to please, went down and took a dip in the pool.

He was on the 'phone to the doctor the next morning.

"Temperature a hundred and three," he raged. "Lungs rattling like old bellows. What have I been doing? Magic, rot my bones! That confounded pool!"

TWO EGGS AND A GAMMON RASHER

THIS is unfortunately a dream breakfast which must wait for a while; but we largely owe our present egg and bacon ration to the scraps from the homes of Britain.

At present local authorities are collecting about 33,000 tons of kitchen waste each month. This is sufficient to maintain 200,000 pigs, and to provide an important part of the food of 700,000 hens, ensuring a constant supply of about 3,000,000 weekly bacon rations and an equal number of eggs.

A pig eats about 10½ lb. of kitchen waste each day.

Help him to do so! Food scraps sent for salvage will be returned in more palatable form!

That Dictator Isn't Even a Little Guy

I'D forgotten Catesby. Outside of a schoolroom I imagine that most people in this country have forgotten Catesby. If you're a Catesby you're born to be forgotten.

Made as we are we can never find room for two at the top. The greatest comedian is good enough for us, the greatest painter, the greatest statesman, and so on.

If Winston Churchill had been twins I don't think he'd have stood an earthly. Some other one man would have worked his way to the top.

Therefore, since there *is* only room for one at the top, Catesby never had a chance. It was Guy Fawkes's show from first to last.

★ ★ ★

Mind, Catesby started it. The scheme for blowing up Parliament was his scheme in the first place. But Guy Fawkes was the big noise when it came to making the big bang, and Catesby hasn't had an ounce of limelight since.

Guy has been all the guys on every Bonfire Night since. Nobody has ever put a light to a guy of Catesby. He's never been even a damp squib.

That's why you can't help feeling sorry for Mussolini, after all the trouble he's taken.

★ ★ ★

Nastyism was his idea in the first place. Musso started it. Without Catesby Guy Fawkes would never have had his chance. And without Musso it is doubtful if Adolf would ever have been more than a house painter and decorator.

But starting a thing isn't everything. The Derby *winner* is rarely first off the mark. It's the finishing-post that matters, and in the race for the Posterity Stakes Catesby and Musso never got round Tattenham Corner.

Yes, you can't help feeling sorry.

When, through the centuries to come, our children and their children's children's children put a match to Adolf each Fifth of November (or whatever date is chosen—and why not the First of April instead?), will they ever think of Benito?

Never a scrap.

It will be known as Guy Hitler's Night. It will never be known as Guy Mussolini's Night.

What a waste of a lifetime!

The March on Rome, the great balcony shouting acts, the second decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

All that bellowing and stamping and shrieking. All that posing in front of cameras. All those excursions to the Brenner Pass. Twenty years of hustling noise.

When he might have settled down comfortably to spaghetti and two nights a week at the pictures.

All *that*, and not a child in the world will ever put a match to him.

★ ★ ★

He had a chance, once, of becoming the biggest guy in history. But it didn't come off.

To-day, he isn't even a little guy. He isn't even the smallest guy in history. He just isn't a guy at all.

And you *couldn't* be a bigger flop than that.

A. G.

SONS OF THE SEA—6. By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

Warships Beaten —by a Tramp

★ It was a fight they wanted, those two German warships —and they got it. A little "tramp" hit back; gun crews were wiped out, magazines exploded, and a gallant young Californian chose to die with his ship. Then came an appalling ordeal to end one of the war's greatest stories

PAUL BUCK'S ship was only an ugly little Yankee tramp, but after this war is over and her name can be revealed, she will go down to history with the great fighting ships of her nation.

There were two German warships on the prowl. They carried big 6-in. guns, and had been heavily armoured, they had proper gunnery control arrangements, protected by magazines, and crews of some hundreds of men apiece.

It was a fight they wanted, and they got it!

Sudden Attack

The weather was misty, and visibility was poor. During the morning, the crew of Buck's ship had heard the hum of an aircraft engine, but did not spot it, though probably it saw them.

Then, with the dramatic suddenness with which things happen at sea, the lookout sang out: "Two ships three points off starboard bow—look like . . ."

With a whine, the first shell landed on deck and exploded, creating smoking and smouldering chaos cut by the acrid reek of cordite. Men were killed.

At the defensive gun with which Allied ships are supposed to tackle anything from U-boats to battleships, a young Californian, D. C. Willett, went down on his face. A jagged lump of shrapnel had hit him squarely.

But Californians used to be deadly gun-fighters in the wild old days, and their sons have the powder in their blood. Young Willett was up almost as soon as he was down.

He was badly wounded, and bleeding fast; but he stumbled over débris and mess towards his beloved gun.

Pretty Shooting

The first salvo really did the business. It blew up the tramp"s main boiler, destroyed her radio, and set the engine-room and main deckhouse on fire.

The two Nazi warships, their guns smoking, stood off to admire their work and congratulate each other on pretty shooting.

They were very close now, so as to be able to appreciate in detail what they had done.

Too close, perhaps.

Willett's arm came flashing down, spattering his blood all over the deck as he gave the signal to fire.

And then the smaller and heavier-armed of the two German warships felt as if a meteorite hit her.

A shell from Willett's little gun smacked into her abaft the funnel, and blew that part of her all to hell. Another and another followed.

And then the three ships went at it hammer and tongs. Out-gunned by twenty to one, out-weighted, out-sailed, Buck's squat ship belched fire and smoke not only from her gun but from her smashed and burning superstructure and holed hull.

On the burning bridge, alternately hidden and visible as flames and searing smoke swirled about him, stood Paul Buck and his officers. Some were down, lying in their own blood. All had been wounded.

The warship's guns roar—you can see them still vibrating from the explosion in this amazing picture. And a little tramp withstood such "big-fellow" guns!

Speed dropped to one knot, and then the merchantman lay like a waterlogged board, sinking. A sitting target, the Nazi gunners smashed and struck in a terrified frenzy of destructive lust.

Terrified? Yes! And with reason.

For the concentration of the tramp's gunfire at close range on the heavier-armed warship had been so fierce that the latter was in a bad way, with fires leaping up at four points along her decks, and half her company too busy trying to save their ship to strike further at their victim.

Willett was now a desperate case. Weak and fainting from loss of blood, wounded a second time by an explosion of a heavy shell near by that had wiped out nearly all his crew, he was doing three men's work at the gun, shouting hoarse encouragement, laying his gun as steady and cold and true as if he were his own grandfather in a gun-fight in a Western saloon.

Again his arm came down. The gun slid back like a snake.

And aboard the burning German warship there grew up suddenly before their eyes a wondrous flower of fire as big as a house, and there came to their ears as that picture was blotted out in rolling smoke-and hugely flying débris, a roaring and elongated explosion.

Fatal Blow

"By heck, we've got her magazine!" Willett shouted.

Out of the smoking chaos the form of the German ship became visible. She was sinking, and burning continuously from stem to stern. Her guns were silenced.

And then another salvo hit the devoted merchantman—the pursy civilian carrying on a stand-up fight with two gangsters armed with tommy-guns.

Why she did not sink only her makers could tell. She was all torn open; down almost to her rails; and blazing. But she was not on the mat yet; reeling, bloody, burning, with most of her complement dead, she still packed a Yankee punch.

That salvo put Willett down again and finished off the last of his crew. He got up, gave an order, and found himself surrounded by dead men, who could not help him.

He walked slowly and awkwardly to the gun, loaded and laid it, and hung over it, unable to stand for long, waiting and watching the smoke-smothered sea.

One-Man Crew

The second German warship was steaming in to rescue the crew of her sinking consort, but firing as she came. Willett trained his gun nicely and patiently till it drew a bead on her, and then let go.

He saw his shell explode bang amidships of the big Nazi vessel, and saw it stagger in its course.

Buck was coming down from the bridge to help get away the one boat that the fight had left intact.

Willett stood there with the hand of death upon him, his grey face calm, giving his orders as evenly as if they lay in New York Harbour. Barely a dozen men were left alive, and these were shepherded into the boat.

They wanted Willett to come, too. He shook his head without speaking, and held himself up.

They knew what he meant. He could not live for much more than an hour. A desperately wounded man was no help in a boat—only a worry and a drawback.

Down with His Ship

As the men pulled away, their ship turned wearily down and plunged into the depths of the South Atlantic, her colours in tatters still at her masthead, and young Willett still bolt upright on her deck.

The German warship waited only to see her rival under, and then turned over and went down in a great burst of steam and débris. And her consort, crippled and smashed and short-handed, began to limp off towards the horizon.

Day followed day, and night came after night, and the lifeboat tossed and crept on its steadfast course to the land hundreds of miles away.

For thirty-one days they experienced almost every hardship and privation it is possible for the cruel sea to inflict.

Rather more than a dozen men survived to tell the story, and—all those who were physically able to do so—to go back to the sea again, looking for that other Nazi ship.

Are they committing a dreadful crime? Only bigots would say so, Humanist declares

DANCING, FAITH, AND BIGOTS

A YOUNG man of nineteen who tells me he has read my page every week for four years, has asked my opinion on the following problem:

The other night I met a middle-aged man who was in charge of a youth centre. I suppose it was rather rude of me, but I asked him why he devoted every evening to young people.

His answer was rather unusual. He was invalided out of the Army at twenty the M.O. telling him he had only six months to live.

He was suffering from a weak heart. "But I prayed," he said, "I prayed hard. I am alive to-day, twenty-eight years after. I believe it was faith that has allowed me to live."

Since hearing the story I have been wondering if the man really was cured by faith or whether the M.O. made a mistake.

The doctor obviously made a mistake in saying that the man had only six months to live. Plenty of other readers, I imagine, could tell similar stories about medical mistakes. But I cannot dismiss the idea that the man's faith helped his recovery.

A heart-specialist assures me that hundreds of people think there is some-

STOP THE SHIPPING ROT

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

BRITISH shipping and shipbuilding is our most vital business. But until 1939, and even beyond, only about 3 per cent. of the nation's shipping brains were given over to the real development of the Merchant Navy; remaining 97 per cent. seemed content to let our ships and our seamen rot!

That must not happen again!

Ship production is still a bottleneck; ships are still in short supply and even greater demand.

Ships should be the main preoccupation of our war-leaders, not that of owners merely for their own post-war future.

Yet the Government is prepared to negotiate with shipowners and arrange, to *their* satisfaction, the conduct of our shipping and shipbuilding business after a war we have yet to win!

And the basis of this Government "deal" looks like a return to the rotten pre-1939 system which meant, for seamen not left on the dole, slum ships, low wages, undermanning of ships.

Tonnage, diversity of ship types, the best system of manning must be in the interests of national security, not to be governed solely by the fluctuation of financial interests.

Subject to scrutiny by State auditors, shipping company profits should be guaranteed at a reasonable return on invested capital, giving it the status of gilt-edged security.

And when profits exceed guaranteed return the balance should return to the nation as a national reserve against times of indifferent trade or crisis.

In other words, there must be a New Charter of British Shipping!

To Correspondents: We have taken up your cases; you will hear the decisions later.

★ *If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

thing wrong with their hearts when there is nothing wrong at all. The pain they feel comes from muscles that are kept on the strain instead of relaxing.

We heard a good deal about "soldier's heart" at the end of the last war, but the real trouble is now found to lie in the overwrought nerves. In such a case a man might easily be healed by faith and prayer.

Why is it, asks another reader, that some people do not realise the good things in life before it is too late to enjoy them? My friend turned down an offer of marriage in her early twenties because she wanted to be free and have a "good time."

Well, she has had her good time, flitting lightly from one love affair to another, dancing, skating, buying lots of expensive clothes, making many friends. But now she is over thirty and very lonely.

She tells me how lucky I am to have a husband, a home, and two darling children. She envies me!

I have not missed all the so-called fun. My husband and I often go out for amusement, but it is always good to return to the children and our own home. Our lives are full to the brim of things that are worthwhile.

There are millions more like us, and there are millions like my friend, living solely for the present and taking no thought for the future.

Later on they wonder why they are miserable and lonely, and they expect us to pity them!

One is reminded of the fable of the grasshopper and the ant. Readers who have seen the Disney Cartoon will realise what a parable of human nature it is—the people who so engrossed in having a gay time in the immediate present that they never look ahead.

They discover later on how quickly the twenties go past, how inevitable is the coming of middle-age—and old age.

STILL, I am not arguing that young people should not dance, sing, skate and enjoy life to the full. By way of contrast, read this letter from a married woman:

A girl I know well became engaged to a young soldier two years ago. But he has been posted a long way from home and has got mixed up with a crowd who are going to save the world from sin.

He has asked her to give up all her worldly pleasures. She is in her early twenties and looks after her father, her crippled mother, and her young brothers She also works on the land for nine hours every day.

But if she goes to a village dance or the pictures once a week he tells her she is heading straight for hell!

It is getting her down. She is what everybody in the village calls a nice, steady girl, but nothing she says will make him change his opinion about her.

My first thought is that it is fortunate she is not already married to the man.

Nothing will convince me that a steady girl who works so hard and has an occasional evening's relaxation is heading straight for hell. But a man with such fanatical ideas would be terribly hard to live with unless one shared his views. Even two fanatically earnest people might not agree for long.

I recollect an old story of the devout man who said: "There's nobody entirely sanctified in this place except my wife and me—and I have my doubts about her at times."

There are quite a lot of people like that. A long face is poor advertisement for the Christian religion.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

HOW four American airmen were rescued from a North African wilderness is told by L.A.C./B. Lamb, R.A.F., in a letter to his wife at Sherwood Road, Birmingham, 28:

An Army sergeant came to tell us that, according to an Arab's message, four airmen were in a wild part of the forest, exhausted and unable to move.

A small party went off to investigate, found the airmen, and came back for volunteers to take out supplies, a doctor and stretchers.

I was just making my bed ready for an early night when the news came through. Of course, I volunteered, as did three of my mates who were off duty; and together with eighteen Army chaps, a doctor, ambulances, food and water, blankets and ropes, we set off.

First down a road, then along a very rough track to a point where the lorry and ambulances couldn't go any further, so that we had to get out and walk.

It was a pitch dark night. We went in Indian file, a hurricane lamp at the head and tail of the file, and the Arab guide leading the way down a steep path strewn with rocks and fallen trees.

NIGHTMARE JOURNEY

We stumbled along, stubbing our toes and barking our shins on the obstacles in our twisting path.

After two hours we came to the top of a steep hill We could hear the sea below and saw, in a ravine nearly at the bottom, a pin-point of light—the bonfire lit by the first party to mark our destination.

Then came the worst part of the journey. There was no path; the way was steep and slippery. However, we forced our way through thick undergrowth and over rocks until we at last reached the fire and the airmen.

Everyone was carrying something: stretchers, tins of water, primus stoves, paraffin, medical supplies, blankets and, most precious of all, a bottle of "Scotch." All of which made the going more difficult.

The M.O. and orderlies soon got to work and made the chaps as comfortable as possible with stretchers and blankets, while others made tea and a meal for them.

They were absolutely exhausted and couldn't move an inch; I think a few hours longer would have finished them off.

It was impossible to move them in the dark, so we settled down to wait for the dawn, lying on a slab of rock and huddled together for warmth.

A gale raged; there were vivid flashes of lightning, but, luckily, no rain.

I have had some funny beds since I've been out here, but this was the limit!

However, dawn came, and we found we had been resting on the dry bed of a stream. Eagles were gliding overhead.

It seemed impossible to take stretchers up the way we had come, and we tried but failed to get them down the ravine to the sea. Heaven knows how they had got to the spot!

After breakfast of dry bread, bully beef and half a mug of tea with "Scotch," we started to get them up the way we had come down the night before.

The rocks were so slippery that we took off our boots so as not to slip and injure our patients.

FALSE STARTS

Then we had to force every inch of the way through thick undergrowth and bushes up a steep hill.

Several times we had to go back and start again as we could make no headway

But at last, after many hours, we all reached the top. Next, we had seven miles to reach the ambulances.

By now the sun was well up, and it was so hot that we stripped to the waist,

It's tough country for stretcher-bearers. But the slope shown here, though difficult enough, was a rose-walk compared with the precipices and rocks that one party had to surmount

six of us to each stretcher, though there were places where we could only carry the stretchers in pairs.

On our stretcher was a colonel, a great hefty chap who seemed to weigh a ton. He whispered excuses several times for giving us so much trouble, but we told him we weren't worrying, and so long as we got them back safely we would be satisfied.

It took us about seven hours to reach the ambulances, and so returned to our camp feeling "all in." But we felt just a bit bucked that we had saved four lives.

SEEING LONDON

For the first time in her life a Welsh girl, Miss Wynne Evans, serving in the W.A.A.F., comes to London, sees the sights, and writes home to her people at Llangollen, North Wales, about the great city:

We found ourselves walking down Fleet Street, where all the newspaper offices are, then along the Strand to Trafalgar Square, giving Lord Nelson on his column a wink as we passed.

From there down Whitehall to Big Ben and on to Westminster Bridge to view the Houses of Parliament and the River Thames—a grand sight to see!

Next morning we went by the Marble Arch into Hyde Park, where the American soldiers were playing baseball, and all sorts of people were bathing or boating on the Serpentine.

Determined to smarten up, we had our shoes cleaned by a little Cockney shoeshine man, and we could then use our shoes as mirrors

That afternoon we went out to see Harrow School, where the Prime Minister did a bit of schooling, and saw the Harrow schoolboys in those queer hats that look as if they will topple off their heads at any minute.

It reminded me of the song "Forty Years On," which we were so fond of singing at home—remember?

On Sunday we saw Buckingham Palace, which I think is a very ugly building; you have seen pictures of it with the statue of Queen Victoria in front of it.

Later we went to St. Paul's Cathedral—and that really is impressive, with its great dome that makes you feel giddy to look up at, and the grand echoing music of the organ.

Next day we went to Madame Tussaud's, not forgetting the Chamber of Horrors, then to the Zoo. Altogether we have had a grand time, and if we haven't seen everything we have seen a great deal—London is wonderful.

WE'RE ENVIOUS

Cpl. G. Taylor, who has been "seeing the world," writes to his mother at Fairthorn Road, Sheffield, 8:

I haven't settled down yet; in fact, I don't know whether I'm in the Navy or the Army—we are just about to take another sea trip.

We have covered a few thousand miles, and though I am a poor sailor I have got used to the sea. When I get home I shall be able to sing you sea shanties.

Sorry to leave this place. Fancy sitting down in a café and ordering a "full house," as they call them! That is, two eggs, tomatoes, bacon and sausage, pineapple, bananas and ice-cream—all for tenpence!

NO WONDER!

People who have suffered long at the hands of the enemy naturally welcome our men with open arms. Pte. Tom Pollock, serving with the B.N.A.F., writes to his wife at Headington, Oxford:

We were talking to a man in Sousse, and he was telling us how the Germans and Italians used to walk into a house and just take what they fancied: crockery, linen, silver, jewellery, wine or food. They never paid for anything.

At first the local people were surprised when we came along and paid for anything we wanted, or gave something in exchange.

No wonder they were pleased to see us—they have had a tough time: but now there is new hope in their eyes.

LETTERS TO GOD

TRY writing a letter to God! It sounds a queer thing to do, but our silent thoughts, and even our prayers, sometimes don't seem to get through. We fumble with phrases and words, and our lips falter over God's Name. And though we've a picture deep down in our hearts, our minds won't furnish the frame.

BUT if we just jot these things down—weary things that perplex us and burn, problems from which there seems no way out and which confound us at every turn—we'll find on reading them through they've made themselves into a prayer, and our words and our fears, and our agony, are all set out and living there.

THEN all that we need to do is to read them for God to hear. Not to kneel, nor to chant, nor do those things which to us seem unreal and queer. But just to say over our words, sincerely and without any strain, and we'll find a strange satisfaction, a new feeling we can't quite explain. J. M.

ALASIL TABLETS
To Relieve your Pain

Their Advantages are Fourfold

1. Give Quick Relief from Pain
2. Help Digestion & Soothe the Stomach
3. Remove excess Acid
4. Have no ill or unpleasant Aftereffects

WIDELY prescribed by the Medical and Dental professions, 'Alasil' Tablets have definite advantages for the relief of pain.

Exceptionally quick in action, one or two 'Alasil' Tablets, taken in water, will give sure relief from Headache or from Neuralgic, Rheumatic and similar forms of physical and nervous discomfort.

In 'Alasil' Tablets the scientific pain-relieving constituents are combined with an antacid and gastric sedative, which has the effect of soothing and protecting the stomach and absorbing any excess acid which may be present.

Thus 'Alasil' Tablets can be taken without risk of unpleasant after-effects on the stomach or digestion. You can rely on 'Alasil' Tablets to provide the modern improved treatment for the prompt relief of pain.

6d. in Cartons. Also in Bottles 8/-

A.S.5

On His Day Off,
Tho' He Looks a Toff,
Girls Eye Him
With Dismay.
His Beard is Rough
And Oh! So Tough,
He Should Shave
The EASY way.

USE **EASY SHAVING STICK**
Over 100 shaves for 7½d.
(INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX)

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LAST LAUGH

G. N. (London, S.E.).—"I distinctly heard the announcer sneeze while he was reading the news." Are you sure he wasn't tackling a particularly difficult place-name?

BANK MESSENGER (Moorgate).—"I can remember two well-known City men coming to blows in Throgmorton Street." The Sock Exchange.

A. P. (Victoria).—"In one London suburb every other lamp-post has been removed." Juvenile batsmen are finding it very hazardous to steal singles.

E. O. (Exeter).—"An American film actress is so tall that her husband stands on tip-toes to kiss her." If she gets her face lifted he will have to jump.

FILM ACTRESS (Elstree).—"I don't expect to be married for a long time." Well, no film actress ever does

SUSIE (Bournemouth). — "You can't get a modern girl like me interested in old ruins." Unless they are in the big money class?

B. B. (Liverpool). — "A good dancer must be light on his feet." And even lighter on his partner's.

W. C. (Perth).—"Youths who raided our cricket pavilion stole all our equipment, but it was later discovered in the crumbling tower of a ruined church." Bats in the belfry, eh?

A. G. (Carlisle).—"I have got two new reasons for asking for another increase in my wages." Twins?

G. G. (Motherwell).—"During a recent holiday I caught a large number of trout, many of them anything up to 1 lb. each." See letter below.

MRS. G. (Motherwell). — "The trout my husband catches are always too small to fry, but the cat enjoys them all right." See letter above.

MOTORIST (Lanark).—"The hiker snubbed me when I offered him a lift." It is to be hoped someone reports this blackleg to the Hikers' Union.

A. G. (Glasgow).—"Our office boy has a nasty habit of tapping his feet when he is working." You are lucky. Ours only taps his feet.

H H. (Bude).—"While casting my line into the local river I hooked a hen pheasant." We trust you played the game?

MÉDICO (Middlesex).—"One cannot drink too much cold water when the weather is hot." Try and convince a friend of that when teaching him to swim!

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Some people think the North-East of Italy would make a good Third Front, if the Home Guard were sent there as mobile police"

Side-Slips

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"The Stockholm United Press carries a report 'from a trustworthy SAUCE in Kuibechev.' . . ."

EVENING CHRONICLE: — "There was no mother, but four wage-earners (father, *mother* and two sisters) in the house."

THE SCOTTISH GROCER AND PROVISION TRADER:—"Early potatoes which appeared in Glasgow this week were a YEAR earlier than last year."

SHOREHAM HERALD: — "Runs came slowly against the steady BOWLING of Sykes. . . ."

HERALD AND EXPRESS: — "Mr. J. S. H—— said it was essential that both Fire Guards and the public should take over during an air raid . . ."

I soon put him right with Phosferine

says Mother of young worker

"I am 52 and Phosferine Tablets have kept me going. My son, 16 years, has been working long hours, and naturally got a little bit run down. I soon put him right with Phosferine — it has made him as fit as a fiddle."

(*Sgd.*) Mrs. S., Stratford-on-Avon.

If you're feeling run down, a day or two on Phosferine may make all the difference in the world to you. Get a bottle of this really great tonic today!

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(*Including Purchase Tax*)

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

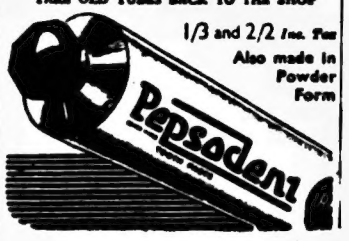
PHOSFERINE
(*Tablets or Liquid*)

ARE YOUR TEETH "UNDER A CLOUD"?

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a filmy coating, change to Pepsodent to-day and see how quickly Irium — the super-cleanser used in Pepsodent — flushes film away, polishes teeth shiny-smooth. Pepsodent will make your teeth make your smile a ray of sunshine.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

1/3 and 2/2 *Inc. Tax*
Also made in Powder Form



GREATEST OF THESE

● During the last war William Millard served in the Navy and later as driver in the Royal Field Artillery. He was discharged medically unfit, since when he has continually suffered from gastric trouble and chronic bronchitis, and been unfit to work since 1942. His doctor orders him 14 pints of milk a week, but this unfortunate man can only afford one pint.

There are four children under 13 years. His wife suffers from high blood pressure, rheumatism and internal trouble, and is quite unable to do anything outside her own miserable little home. All their furniture is falling to pieces, they have hardly any bedding, and all the family need shoes and clothing.

Their total income is £2 1s. weekly, from which 16s. rent has to be paid. Luckily, they have a very lenient landlord, for Mr. Millard is now £22 in arrears.

We earnestly beg our readers to be as generous as they can in order that these invalids may clear their rent arrears and buy some food which they are able to eat. Donations earmarked "Heartache," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

No deductions are made, all administrative expenses being borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £75 — 'BULLETS' 1,386

A. M. Johnston, 16, Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh, for this "Bullet":—

LOST IN THE JOB
SO JOB NEVER LOST.

£10: F. R. Partington, 6, Lathom Grove, Morecambe.
Not So Good—Meals? Appreciate "What's Cooking"!

£5: V. Bristeir, 47, Openview, Earlsfield, S.W.18.
Away From Work—Some "Miserable" —Others "Sinners."

£4: J. Gray, 28, Mount Road, Montrose, Angus.
Lost In The Fatherland—*Air of Mastery.* How!

£3: Mrs. W. H. Allen, 26a, Aberyne Drive, Kingston.
Treat For The Housewife—Woolton's "Bouquet" —Where's Fruit?

£2: H. Rose, 21, Dunston Park Road, Ryton-on-Tyne.
To Get More Coal—Stations? "Fuel" For Scotland.

200 EXTRA CASH PRIZES SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

£1 each of 20s.:—
R. H. Dickinson, 43, Pottery Lane, Heworth, York.
Not So Good—Communiqués" From *Mein Kampf* "Bottleneck."
D. W. Johnson, "Wetherby," Church Lane, Kirk Ella, Nr. Hull.
With The Hands Full—"Helmet? I've Swallowed It!"
H. Lomax, 178, Windsor St., Liverpool.
Greatest Cause—How Dreading Word "Fire!"
S. G. Fort, 217, St. Leonard's Road, Windsor.
Treat To Focus—Mussolini Gives Germany Also!
A. R. Townend, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
Treat For The Housewife—Studying Menus, But Planning.
L/Sgt. Wheeler, G. H., Somewhere-in-Britain
To Get More Coal—Pick Him, Not "Bones"!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 100 winners of 5s. 2-to-1 prizes can be seen at these offices; Limit Mark Awards have also been posted.

7 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN XWORD 238

WINNING WORDS: 1. Peter. 2. Song. 3. Word. 4. Hotel. 5. Jail. 6. Harbel. 7. Lens. 8. Posts. 9. Hink. 10. Bone. 11. Coal. 12. Brake. 13. Hens. 14. Glasses.

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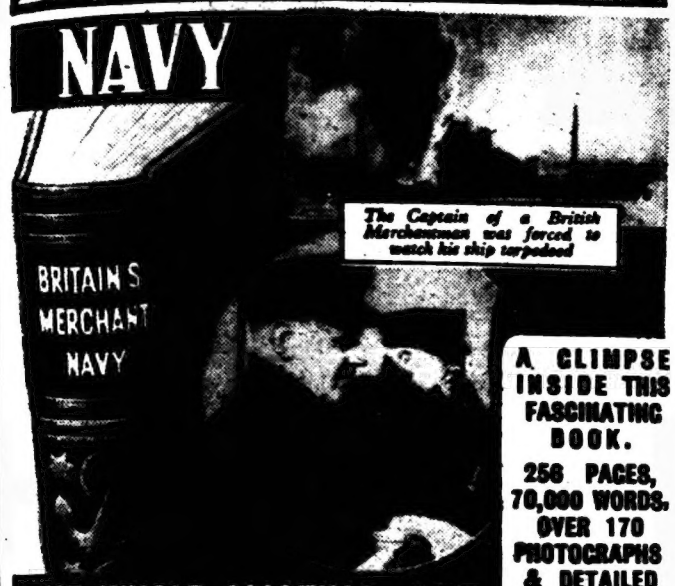

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J.V.2. 21/8/43

B.M.N.

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"... a bit worried"

"I am writing this to put my mind at rest as I have been worried lately. I am now 25. When I was 20 I had Keratitis which the doctor at the clinic said was due to Congenital Syphilis, and I carried his treatment out faithfully. I am now worried by all the talk about V.D. Would it affect me if I got married? *I have always lived a clean life, and feel perfectly fit except for being worried ...."*

The Doctor replies:

"Many people born with syphilis (congenital syphilis) ask me if it will affect their own marriage and children. As a general rule, if these people have had treatment they can marry safely, because congenital syphilis does not usually pass on to the next generation. In your own case, the doctor who treated you for keratitis probably treated you for the syphilis which caused it. You would therefore not be likely to infect either your wife or your children.

But in all cases of doubt, the safest thing is to go and see the doctor at the clinic and give him full particulars. This would settle the matter conclusively and put your mind at rest. I enclose the address of a clinic."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Dept. M-13-NM, Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and the Central Council for Health Education.

(M-13-27)

£150 for John Bull's ENTERTAINING XWORD!

First Prize for this week's Xword £100 Cash — Awards value £25 between Runners-up

£25 CASH BONUS

REMEMBER — NO EXTRA £ TO ENTER THIS WEEK TOO!

Xword No. 338 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 MANY AN OLD ONE HAS WHISKERS ON IT	F A C			
2 FREQUENTLY PUTS AN END TO GAME OF CRICKET	D U K			
3 IS OFTEN A HINDRANCE TO ACTION	A L K			
4 CAN BE DISTURBING AT TIMES	C A L			
5 IT'S A PITY WHEN TROOPS MOVING THROUGH FINE PLACES ARE TOLD TO	H R R Y			
6 HOWEVER CAREFUL YOU ARE, YOU MAY BE BADLY STUNG BY ONE	B E			
7 ONE ASSOCIATES THIS WITH DRIVING PROGRESS	B L O T E R			
8 IT'S NO GOOD WAITING FOR TURN OF TIDE WHEN DOING THIS	B A T I N G			
9 MAKES YOU FEEL SICK	G A			
10 THIS SHOULD CARRY FAIRLY HEAVY METAL	R A M			
11 USED TO CONTROL UNRULY HORSES	T R A E S			
12 SPEECHES OF POLITICIANS ARE APT TO GIVE IMPRESSION OF THIS	F E			
13 CAN HAVE ORNAMENTAL VALUE AS WELL AS BEING USEFUL	A M P			
14 WHEN IRATE FARMER HOLDS UP HUNT RIDING OVER HIS LANDS IT MAY BE	C H E K			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 11.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 30

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

342

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each 6d. paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally-binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

THIS WEEK ONLY

200 EXTRA CASH PRIZES!

"BULLETS" CHEQUES For 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

£50 OTHER PRIZES £10·£5·£4 £3·£2·6 of £1·10/-

20 of 10/- 200 NEW Xwords 3/6

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Sept. 10.

PRELUDE TO VICTORY
FINAL BLOW
MAN IN THE KREMLIN
ON WITH THE WAR AND
PROBLEM FOR HITLER
WHEN THE BILL COMES IN
WIZARD WOOLTON
WE'LL BE LUCKY IF
HOLIDAY AT HOME
NOT WORTH THE MONEY

BULLETS 1,386 RESULT appears on page 14

SOUNDS OF REVELRY
HEAVIER AND HEAVIER
IN THE BAG
DOESN'T WANT MUCH
THE REASON WHY
STEADILY
FROM END TO END
STORY OF HIS LIFE
FEARING A DISASTER
THE BEER RAN OUT, SO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

MADE THE ..... LAUGH
UNNECESSARY.....
FATHER'S LITTLE .....
MENACE TO .....
TO PUNISH THE.....
STRAIN ON OUR.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in black margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 11. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark, 1,380 Monday, Aug. 30.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,380—or Xword No. 342, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' based laxative, and gladly take it when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so surely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/6 and 3/6. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

For lighter puddings with present-day flour use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

"Keep it Going"

Hold hard Professor! There's nothing in our little book about hammers. "Keep It Going" (Price 6d.) is a little book on the care and simple servicing of radio sets of all types. We hope it may help you in these days when skilled service is so hard to get. Please get your copy from a Murphy Dealer.

FROM ALL

MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.128

War stoppers!

Every screw stopper from beer or similar bottles contains rubber, even apart from its rubber ring. Millions of these stoppers are wasted every year and yet rubber is a vital necessity of war. Every stopper replaced in an empty bottle and returned promptly to the supplier saves the need for a new one.

What do I do...?

I make absolutely certain I put this

back in the bottle!

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

. . We all need now that *extra* nourishment that Bournville Cocoa gives.

5d A QUARTER *(LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE)*

HER FRIENDS WERE IN UNIFORM

London, N.W.

Dear Sirs, July 13th, 1943.

It might interest you to know that my daughter—weak for years and a semi-invalid—is now in the A.T.S., thanks to Yeast-Vite.

Her friends were in uniform, and she wanted to go too, and found in Yeast-Vite tablets the only thing that ever made her feel well. She swears by them to-day, and so do I, her mother, and also her father.

(Sgd.) Mrs. A.

CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY

Birmingham.

Dear Sirs, June 24th, 1943.

I cannot speak too highly of Yeast-Vite tablets and always recommend them to my friends.

(Sgd.) Mrs. G. E.

London, N.W.11.

Dear Sirs, April 2nd, 1943.

I have recently been suffering from neurasthenia. I have been taking your Yeast-Vite tablets and have derived great benefit from them. My nerves are ever so much better, and my digestive troubles are gone.

(Sgd.) C. J.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including purchase tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

Why not be Slim, Youthful, Attractive

CLEAR skin, sparkling eyes, a lovely slim figure—these are possible only when the blood is kept free from impurity and fat-forming food residues are removed from the system.

Bile Beans—just a couple nightly—tone up the system, purify the blood and ensure regular elimination. They keep you healthy, radiant and youthful and enable you to achieve and maintain that fashionable slim line.

Start To-Night With

BILE BEANS

DID YOU HAVE A MACLEAN SHAVE TODAY?

How easily your beard vanishes under the razor with Macleans Shaving Cream, and how refreshed your skin feels afterwards! Macleans is wonderfully economical. The best shave results from using very little cream—you'll be surprised how little.

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*

2 *Put a little cream on chin with finger tip (do not dip brush in jar).*

3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

PER 1/3 JAR

I suffer from HEADACHES ... but not for long!

As soon as I feel one of those nasty attacks coming on . . . I start taking Beecham's Powders. I am never without them. They are absolutely reliable for stopping pain quickly . . . making you feel brighter and better and warding off Summer Colds, Chills and attacks of Hay-fever and Rheumatic Twinges. Their powder form makes them especially beneficial.

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 6 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

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